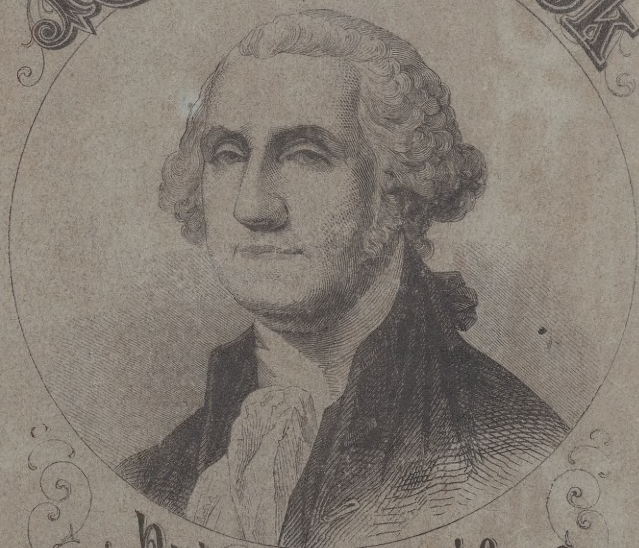


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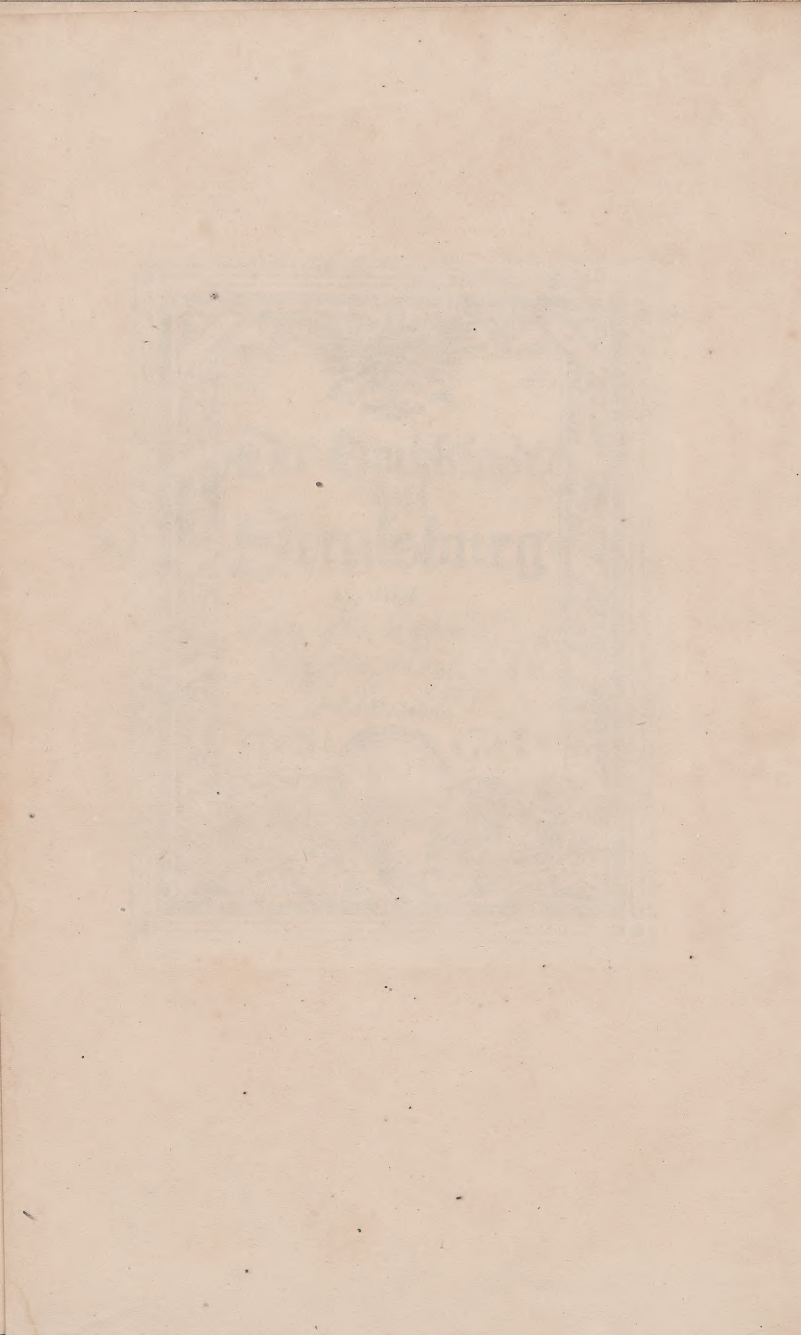
United States
SECOND
Reading Book



Published by the
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
150 NASSAU ST.
NEW YORK.

1873.





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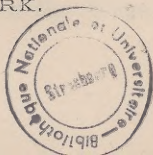


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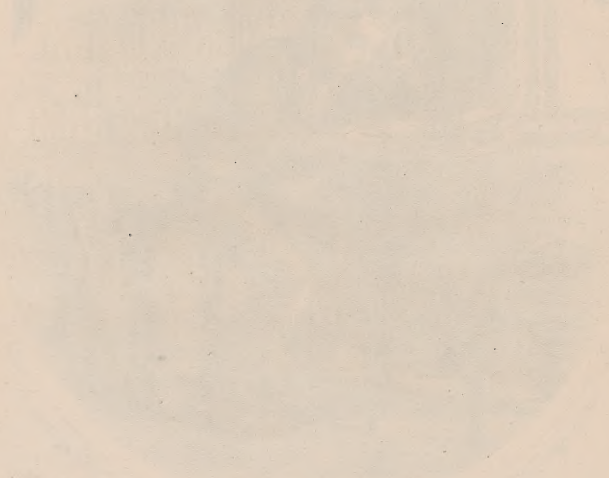
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150 MASSACHUSETTS

NEW YORK



THE
UNITED STATES
SECOND READING-BOOK.



I.

GOOD AND BAD APPLES.

ONE day, Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was

very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening, he brought from the garden six beautiful rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert, who was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father; and Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples in his mother's store-room.

Just as he was putting them aside, his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said his father. And with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterwards he asked his son to open the door, and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples, which had been so sound and rosy-cheeked, were now quite rotten, and spread a bad smell through the room.

"O papa!" cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? yet you did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad? yet you do not listen to me. See, in the condition of the apples, what will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

Robert did not forget the lesson. When any of his former play-fellows asked him to join in their sports, he thought of the rotten apples, and kept himself apart from them.



II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light.
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The maple on his birth-day morn;
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember,
Where once I used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy. HOOD.

III.

THE GREAT GOLDEN IDOL.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR the king made an image of gold, whose height was threescore cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits; he set it up in the plain of Dura,

in the province of Babylon. Then Nebuchadnezzar the king sent to gather together the princes, the governors and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, to come to the dedication of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up. Then the princes, the governors and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, were gathered together unto the dedication of the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and they stood before the image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up.

Then a herald cried aloud, To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up; and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. Therefore, at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, all the people, the nations and the languages, fell down and worshipped the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Wherefore at that time certain Chaldeans came near, and accused the Jews. They spake and said to the king Nebuchadnezzar, O king, live for ever. Thou, O king, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp,

sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, shall fall down and worship the golden image; and whoso falleth not down and worship-peth, that he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. There are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.



Then Nebuchadnezzar in his rage and fury commanded to bring Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Then they brought these men before the king. Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them,

Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego? do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made, well; but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar! we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king! But if not, be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego: therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated. And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace. Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding

hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God. Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, came forth of the midst of the fire. And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was a hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God. Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak any thing amiss

against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort. Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, in the province of Babylon.

IV.

TWO NEIGHBORS AND THE HENS.

I ONCE owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up, but one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly.

One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath, to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged, because he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined at once to sue him, or in some way to get redress.

I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal I became more cool, and concluded to try another way. I went at once to see my neighbor. He was in his garden. I went in and found him in pursuit of one of my hens, trying to kill it with a club. I accosted him. He turned upon me, and broke out in a great fury: "You have abused me. I will kill all your hens, if I can get at them; I never was so abused. My garden is ruined."

"I am very sorry for it," said I; "I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your pardon, and am willing to pay you six times the damage."

The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky, then down to the earth, then at his neighbor, then at his club, and then at the hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.

"Tell me, now," said I, "what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and good-will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens or any thing else."

"I am a great fool," said my neighbor; "the damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compensate you than you me, and to ask your forgiveness than you mine."



V.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."



“Ah, cousin,” the bee said, “’tis all very true;
But if I should have half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

“You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome; but then there’s one
thing

They cannot put up with, and that is your *sting*.

“My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see;
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I’m an humble and innocent bee.”

From this little story let people beware:
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they’re ever so fair.

JANE TAYLOR.

VI.

THE GENEROUS BOY.

THE son of a rich farmer and the son of a poor widow came in competition for the place of honor

in their class at school; they were so nearly equal, that the master could scarcely decide between them; some days one, and some days the other, gained the head of the class. The question was to be determined, by seeing who should be at the head of the class for the greater number of days in the week.

The widow's son, by the last day's recitations, gained the victory, and maintained his place the ensuing week, till the school was dismissed for the vacation or holidays.

When the school met again, he did not appear; and the farmer's son being next in excellence, might now have been at the head of the class; but instead of seizing that vacant place, which had fallen to him by the non-appearance of his rival, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence.

Poverty was the cause: she found that she was not able, with her utmost endeavors, to continue to pay for his schooling, and for the necessary books; and instead of resuming his place at school, the poor boy had returned to day-labor, as it was his duty, for her support.

The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket-money which his father gave him, and without letting any body but the widow and her son know what he did, bought all the necessary books, and paid for the schooling of his rival, and brought him back again to the head of his class, where he continued to be monitor for a considerable time at the expense of his generous rival.



VII.

WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.

A LITTLE boy came in from play the other day, looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Did he feel sick? No. Had he lost any thing? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He hardly spoke at supper-time, and ate very little.

His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked again, "Willie, what ails you, dear?" "Mother," said he—"mother—I *swore*! The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God, and I ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could. Mother, will

God forgive me, will he ever forgive me for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me, mother;" and Willie sunk upon her knees and hid his face.

His mother *did* pray for him, and Willie prayed for himself—prayed to be forgiven—prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; "he wanted the word of God on the matter," he said, "and he wanted to study it, and fasten it on his mind, and carry it about with him every where;" so she found and copied these texts:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Exodus 20:7. This is the third commandment.

"Ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God: I am the Lord." Leviticus 19:12.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth; the pleasant places of the wilderness are dried up." Jeremiah 23:10.

"I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King: neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

"But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of

evil." These are the Lord Jesus' words in Matthew 5:34-37.

"Above all things, my brethren," says James, "swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your Yea be Yea; and your Nay, Nay; lest ye fall into condemnation." James 5:12.

"Oh, mother," said Willie on reading them over, "how clearly God speaks. How can a man or a boy dare to swear, after this?"

He learned these verses of the Bible; and I have written them down for every boy who pleases to learn them also.

VIII.

A LESSON ON CHARITY.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with its song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off upon the ground
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark.
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:

“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For ’t was the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard this short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern:
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life’s poor transient night is spent;
Respecting, in each other’s case,
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim:
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

COWPER.

IX.

A STORY ABOUT JACK.

THERE was once a remarkable dog, named Jack. He was just about the age of his young master, a fat, rosy boy, with whom he was nearly always to



be found. They were both enjoying their third summer. In mutual affection, love of water, and of all sorts of sport and mischief, and in having a good appetite, these young friends were considerably alike. But there the resemblance ceased; for, in respect of sense, the dog had decidedly the advantage.

Once the little boy's parents got a terrible fright about him. They had been busy with various matters for two or three hours, when suddenly they remembered that in all that time they had neither seen nor heard their little boy.

They started at once in search of him. The mother inquired of the servants, and explored the

garden; while the father went this way and that way to the houses of several neighbors, without any success. Just then the father happened to think of a dangerous old well which was beyond the kitchen, and which had long been left without a fence round it.

The very thought of the well, in connection with his little boy's absence, fairly made him shudder; and his new-born fears were felt to be almost realized when he at that moment heard Jack bark in that direction; and then, for the first time, he remembered that he had heard that bark, in the very same place, for the past two hours.

Dizzy with alarm, he rushed to the old well; and, sure enough, there sat Jack, but not quite so near to the well as to an immense old rose-bush, which, growing by the side of the kitchen, attained the height of perhaps six or seven feet, and then bent over till it touched the ground, forming quite a roof of leaves, under which there was a clean grass-carpet. And there lay the dimpled boy, fast asleep, and as rosy and dewy as any flower on the bush.

Jack, you see, seems to have entertained some grave doubts about the propriety of so long a nap in the open air, and therefore called, as well as a dog could, for some one to come and take his young master into the house. But he never would have left the spot while the boy remained there.

Now, suppose some one had stepped up just then, and said, "What will you take for that dog?" Do you not think the gentleman would have been

almost as much insulted as if he had asked, "What will you take for that boy?"

It was one of Jack's greatest delights to be put in charge of his master's hat and gloves, or stick, or something he could watch; and it was amusing to see what a look of protection he could assume, laying one paw across the stick, as if he had said, "Touch it, sir, if you dare!"

X.

THE OLD PILOT.

A STEAMBOAT was once making her way over the bright waters of Lake Erie. The man at the wheel was John Maynard, a bluff old weather-beaten pilot, who had weathered many a gale. Every body round the lake knew the old sailor, knew and trusted him; and he went by the name of "Honest John Maynard."

John was as true as steel, and faithful to duty, come what would. He was a Christian man, and his needle always pointed to God in every thing.

The boat was about twelve miles from land, when the captain saw smoke rising from the hold. "What's that smoke there?" he cried to a sailor.

"From the engine-room, sir," answered the man. "Go and see," said the captain.

The sailor went, and presently rushed up with the dreadful news, "The hold's afire, sir!" The captain hurried to the spot, and found the story too

true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow, and not only had a portion of the baggage been burned, but the side of the vessel had caught and was already in flames.

All hands were called, passengers as well as sailors, and lines were formed from the hold to the vessel's side. Buckets were filled with water, and as they flew along were dashed on the burning mass. So prompt and rapid was the work carried on, that a mastery seemed to be gained over the fire.

"How does she head?" shouted the captain. "West-sou'-west, sir," answered the old pilot.

"Keep her south and by west," cried the captain. "We must try to make shore anywhere."

The wind breezed up and drove the flames towards the saloon, which speedily took fire, and long wreaths of smoke came puffing out through the skylights. Then the captain ordered the women forward, and told the engineer to put on all the steam possible.

The American flag was run up with the union down, in token of distress, and water was dashed on the sails to make them hold wind. At the wheel stood John Maynard, now alone, for sheets of smoke and flame separated him completely from the rest of the crew.

Hotter grew the heat, brighter the flame, and more stifling the smoke. The engineers fled from the engine-room, passengers were putting on their life-preservers, throwing off their coats, and preparing to jump overboard; while the sailors were

lashing the women to planks, for a conflict with the waves.

But the paddles worked well, and the shore grew plainer and plainer. If they could only hold out a few minutes longer.

"Maynard!" shouted the captain. "Aye, aye, sir," replied the pilot. "Can you hold out five minutes longer?" "I'll try, sir."

And he *did* try. The smoke was almost suffocating, the air was like the blast of a furnace, his hair was singed, and his blood ready to boil; but he stood at his post, and held fast to his wheel, till the flesh of his hand shrivelled with the heat. Then he took the other, and bore the dreadful agony without flinching for a moment.

Boats from the shore were seen coming to their rescue. A shout of joy arose from the sailors as they reached hailing distance. "The women and children first aboard," shouted the captain; "then every man for himself, and God for us all." The poor pilot heard no more.

Whether he lost his footing and fell overboard, or, was suffocated and fell into the flames, they could not tell. The moment the vessel struck bottom, the boats were alongside, and all saved in them that could be, while the rest swam to the shore, and so all escaped except the poor pilot, whose faithfulness, under God, had been the means of their salvation. He did his duty nobly, though perhaps he would have refused, if he had known the result beforehand. Our Redeemer *knew* what he must suffer, and yet gave himself for us.

XI.

ACTING LIES.

"JANE, go into the store-room closet, and fetch me the large blue jar," said a mother to her little girl. Jane put down her books, for she was just going to school, and ran to the closet, where the first thing she saw was a basket of large red apples. "I should like one of these to carry to school," she thought, but she did not know whether her mother would think it best for her to have one.

Instead of asking, she slipped the biggest she saw into her pocket, and covered her pocket with her shawl, lest her mother should see it. Jane then took the jar to her mother, and went to school with the apple, which proved to be a hard winter apple, unfit to be eaten.

By-and-by Jane's class in history was called up to recite, and Jane took great pains to get her seat behind the stove, out of the way of the teacher's eye. Jane had her history in her hand, with her pencil between the pages of the lesson; and every now and then, watching her chance, she peeped into the book; but when the teacher glanced that way, she looked up as innocently as could be.

School was dismissed a little earlier than usual, and Helen Brewster went home with her to get a book which Jane promised to lend her; but she did not want to let her mother know that school was done, lest her mother might want her to play with baby, or to help her in some way.

So she opened the door very softly, and crept up stairs on tiptoe. A call from the sitting-room, "Jane, is that you?" It was her mother's voice, but Jane made believe she did not hear. She crept down, and out again, and did not get back for some time.

"I thought I heard you come in some time ago," said her mother; "I wish it had been you, for I have needed you very much. Willie has been very sick." Jane said nothing; and how she felt, you can perhaps imagine.

We have followed Jane through a part of a day, and seen her just as she was, not as she *seemed* to be, to her mother and teacher; and what do you think of her? There are many children like Jane, and perhaps they will see themselves in her.

Jane, you see, was not a *truthful* child. "But she did not *tell* any lie," some one will say. No, but she *acted* lies; and you see in how many things she deceived, in half a day's time.

"Little things," perhaps you will say. But it is little things which show what we really are, and which make up the character. There is no habit more dangerous than a habit of deceiving in little things, because it is so easily fallen into. Let every child who reads this examine her conduct, and see if she is in danger of sliding into it.

All deceit is displeasing to God. He desires "truth in the inward parts." The "paths of the Lord are mercy and truth;" and his paths should be our paths, for he has told us to follow him. Let your prayer be the prayer of good David, "Remove

from me the way of lying. I have chosen the way of truth: I have stuck unto thy testimonies. O Lord, put me not to shame."

XII.

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

ON the afternoon of the 9th of August, 1853, a little Norwegian boy, named KNUD IVERSON, who lived in the city of Chicago, Illinois, was going to the pasture for his cow, as light-hearted, I suppose, as boys usually are, going to the pasture on a summer's afternoon.

He came at length by a stream of water, where there was a gang of idle, ill-looking boys, who, when they saw Knud, came up to him, and said they wanted him to go into Mr. Elston's garden, and steal some apples. "No," said Knud promptly, "I cannot steal, I am sure." "Well, but you've got to," they cried. "No," persisted Knud; "I cannot steal for any body."

Then they threatened to duck him, for these wicked boys had often before frightened smaller boys into robbing gardens for them; little boys, they thought perhaps, were less likely to get found out.

The threat did not frighten Knud; so, to make their words good, they seized and dragged him to the river, and in spite of his cries and struggles plunged him in. But the heroic boy, even with the water gurgling and choking in his throat, never



flinched, for he knew that God had said, "Thou shalt not steal," and God's law he had made *his* law; and no cursing or threats or cruelty of the big boys would make him give up.

Provoked by his firmness, I suppose they determined to see if they could not conquer; so they ducked him again; but still it was, "No," "no," and they kept him under water. Was there no one near to hear his distressing cries, and rescue the poor child from their cruel gripe? No, there was none to rescue him; and gradually the cries of the drowning child grew faint and fainter, and his

struggles less and less, and—the boy was drowned! He could die, but *he would not steal*.

A German lad who had stood near, much frightened by what he saw, ran home to tell the news. The agonized parents hastened to the spot, and all night they searched for the lifeless body of their lost darling. It was found the next morning; and who shall describe their feelings as they clasped the little form to their bosoms?

Early piety had blossomed in his little life. He loved his Bible and his Saviour; his seat was never vacant at the Sabbath-school; and so intelligent, conscientious, and steadfast had he been, that it was expected he would soon be received into the church of his parents.

Perhaps the little boy used often to think how, when he grew up, he would like to be a preacher, or a missionary, and do something for his Lord and Master. He did not know what post he might be called to occupy, even as a little child. And as he left home that afternoon, and looked his last look in his mother's face, *he* thought he was only going after his cow; and the other boys, and the neighbors, if they saw him, thought so too.

They did not then know, that, instead of going to the pasture, he was going to preach one of the most powerful sermons in favor of Bible law and Bible principles the country ever heard; they did not know he was going out to give an example of steadfastness of purpose, and of unflinching integrity, such as should thrill the great heart of this nation with wonder and admiration.

He was then only a Norwegian boy, Knud Iverson, thirteen years old; but his name was soon to be on the roll of martyrs and heroes. And as the story of his moral heroism winged its way from state to state, and city to city, and village to village, how many mothers have cried with full hearts, "May his spirit rest upon my boy!"

Strong men have wept over it, and exclaimed, "God be praised for the lad!" And rich men have put their hands in their pockets, and said, "Let us build him a monument; let his name be perpetuated, for his memory is blessed." May there be many a generation of Knud Iversons, strong in their integrity, true to their Bibles, ready to die rather than do wrong.

XIII.

THE CROP OF ACORNS.

THERE came a man in days of old,
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his suit in accents meek:
"*One crop alone* is all I seek;
The harvest o'er, my claim I yield,
And to its lord resign the field."

The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt;
But found his last objection fail,
And honeyed eloquence prevail;
So took the proffered price in hand,
And, for "*one crop*" leased out the land.

The wily tenant sneered with pride,
And sowed the spot with acorns wide.
At first like tiny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide their branches threw;
But long before those oaks sublime
Aspiring reached their forest prime,
The cheated landlord mouldering lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

O ye, whose years, unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth and free from care,
Should vice or indolence desire
The garden of your souls to hire,
No parley hold, reject the suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, the first approach beware;
With firmness break the insidious snare.
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of heaven from thee.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.



XIV.

THE TWO SCHOOLMATES.

IN a pleasant village on the east bank of the Hudson, on a sunny, sheltered spot, stood the old yellow school-house. Among the many laughing children that played around it thirty-five years ago, were two boys, Frank and Edward.

They were nearly of the same age; they sat on

the same seat, studied the same lessons, and read from the same book. Their fathers were both rich, were very fond of their sons, and hoped they would grow up wise and good men.

Edward could learn very easily. If he only read over his lesson once or twice, he could recite it well; so that he had a great deal of time to play, even in school-hours.

With Frank it was quite otherwise. Every thing he learned was by hard study. While the other boys were playing and shouting at recess, he was



at his books; and at home, he was always busy with his books.

When strangers visited the school, they would say, "What a bright boy Edward is! How well he knows his lesson! What a fine man he will be!" But no such compliment was ever heard for poor Frank.

The boys grew to be young men, and their fathers sent them to college. Here it was just the same. Edward did not study much, yet he generally recited well; Frank was never idle, and yet he was sometimes called dull.

Time passed on. The young men left college and commenced business. Then their friends found they had been mistaken. Edward had formed bad habits; he had grown idle and careless, and too fond of pleasure.

With these faults no man can succeed in business, and thus he sadly disappointed all the fond hopes of his friends. Frank, on the other hand, was patient and industrious. "Try, try again," had always been his motto, and God blessed his efforts.

He is now an eminent physician in one of our largest cities; while his early playmate, the bright, but idle Edward, is a disgrace to his family—a worthless drunkard.

XV.

WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

THE Sabbath-school meeting was at hand, and funds were needed; but the people had just given liberally to another object, so the pastor told the children under twelve years of age to start as early as they pleased on the following Tuesday, and go where they pleased, to collect for the cause of Sabbath-schools.

This was a novel plan. Such sparkling eyes and smiling faces were never seen before in that school. The parents appeared to be much delighted. All looked forward with interest to the appointed day for collection, and the pastor was as much pleased as his people.

Tuesday came, a bright, golden April morning—a brighter never dawned. The pastor was in his study at break of day. Before any member of his family was up, he saw a little boy coming as fast as his legs could bring him. All at once he stopped short, and darted through the fence like a fox.

The pastor looked out to learn the reason of this, when he perceived two men going across to their workshop; and when he saw them put their hands in their pockets, he knew what the lad was after. In a moment more the door-bell rung with an unusual jerk. Down stairs the pastor hastened, opened the door, and there stood the boy—one of the Tuesday beggars. He had started to give his pastor the first call, and no one could have welcomed him more heartily.

Scarcely was the pastor seated again in his study, before the bell rung the second time. On opening the door, there stood two more of the children. Their errand was soon made known, and receiving their contributions, they skipped away like lambs. Never were collectors so nimble before.

The pastor had *twelve* of these little beggars call upon him before two o'clock on that day. And all his neighbors were equally favored. It seemed as

if the children were determined to make us all feel on that Tuesday, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

That was one of the happiest days that ever passed in our village. So many smiling faces, so many rejoicing children, so many cheerful gifts, it seemed as if all belonged to the same family, and all were brothers and sisters.

It would have done your heart good to see these little collectors get money from men who never go to meeting, and who would have turned adult solicitors away with nothing but an oath. But they could not refuse the boys and girls. Nobody complained about so much giving; all looked pleasant, and seemed to enjoy it.

The next Sabbath evening came the meeting, and the result of the children's collection was an amount fully sufficient for their purposes—an illustration of *what little hands can do*.

XVI.

HEAVEN.

AND they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many

angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands: saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in

the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of water: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

XVII.

EYE-SERVICE.

“NOT with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God.”

“What is eye-service?” I imagine I hear some little bright-eyed reader asking. I will tell you how Lucy White found out the meaning, if you will give attention.

When little Lucy was six years old, she began to go to Miss Arnold's school. Now Miss Arnold was in many respects a model teacher, for she strove to educate the heart and the conscience as well as the intellect.

There Lucy learned many a lesson which she has never forgotten, though many, many years have passed since then. One of these lessons was the meaning of eye-service.

A few weeks after Lucy entered school, it happened one day that Miss Arnold was called out of the room by some one at the door. No sooner was



the door closed than a little girl, who was full of her pranks, contrived, by sundry acts and grimaces, to get the whole school into a titter. Just then Miss Arnold opened the door, and walked into the room. At once she comprehended the scene: some one had been making sport for the whole. Who could it be? She had thought she could trust every member of her school as well in her absence as in her presence.

Oh, how sad she felt! This must not be passed over in silence. Looking up for wisdom and guidance, she spoke to them very earnestly of the sin

of deception, and then told them it was her impression that some one or more of them had been provoking the others to laughter.

Then carefully running her eye over the whole school, she requested the guilty one to acknowledge her fault at once, so that the blame might not be laid upon the wrong person. After a little hesitation, a new scholar, one who had been in school but a few days, confessed that she had been "making all the fun," as she called it.

Miss Arnold, rejoicing to find it was not one to whom she had given "line upon line, and precept upon precept," told her she hoped never to find her engaged in a similar offence. If she wanted to "make fun," she must do it in her presence and before her eyes; for she could never trust a girl in *any thing*, who would take advantage of the teacher's absence from the room.

Then she bade the whole school take their Testaments, and turn to Colossians 3:22, and commit the last part of the verse to memory, commencing with the word *not*. When they were sure they could say it perfectly, they were to raise their hands.

Soon all were busy studying, and presently one and another began to raise hands, and soon every hand was up. Turning to the one for whom especially the lesson was designed, Miss Arnold asked her to repeat the verse: "Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God." And various other individuals in different parts of the room being called upon, the text was repeated a dozen times or more.

Then addressing the whole school, Miss Arnold told them they had all been guilty of eye-service that day, if they had joined at all in the mirth; for they very well knew they would not have done it, had she been in the room and looking at them. If they only obeyed their parents or their teachers when in their presence, it was *eye-service*, which was forbidden in this verse. Whatsoever they did, they were to "do it heartily as unto the Lord," remembering Hagar's words, "Thou God seest me."

Much more she said, which we cannot now repeat; but a deep impression was made on every heart and conscience.

Thus Lucy White learned the meaning of the expression; and when, after years of study, she was sent to a large boarding-school, and there heard others planning how to evade the rules, and leave undone what they knew they ought to do, this text saved her from following in their steps. The word hid in her heart kept her from sin.

Little readers, how many of you are guilty of eye-service? Perhaps you thought it smart or cunning to escape the teacher's notice when engaged in wrong-doing; "but know thou for all these things *God* will bring thee into judgment."

XVIII.

THE NEW CHUM.

WHEN I was sixteen, said a gentleman, I was sent to an academy in a country village. At the board-

ing-house, I was put into a large room with beds for four boys. Two were already there. We spent the first evening in little study and much talk. They were droll fellows, and amused me highly.

At bed-time, the habit of reading God's word before going to bed knocked at my memory. Did *they*? I saw nothing that looked like it. Should *I* then? *Could* I? I tried to outsit them and unpack my Bible after they were asleep; but that was out of the question. I went to my trunk to take it out, and came back without it. I went again, fumbled over the things, then got up and looked out of the window. What would they say to see me reading the Bible? Would they not laugh? Should I not see ridicule twinkling in their eyes, even if they said nothing?

On the other hand, could I forget my mother's words when she packed my Bible? Could I so easily abandon a habit formed from earliest boyhood? Forget! No, I did not forget; but I was afraid—ashamed; ashamed of my God, my Saviour, and his word; afraid of the new public opinion around me. "I'm too sleepy too night," I thought, and undressing quickly, I tumbled into bed.

Morning found me in ill-humor. Dissatisfied with myself for the last night's omission, and angry at having to suffer the same fight with conscience over again, I wished the other fellows would get up and be off. As soon as they awoke, the same joking began, and was kept up all the time of dressing. "When you are among the Romans, do as the Romans do," I said, hoping that would quiet con-

science. But conscience rejoined, Peter tried that once, and suffered terribly for it.

So it passed on till the Sabbath, my Bible in my trunk, unopened, unread, and no family reading and family altar to supply the deficiency; Sabbath brought me no closer to the neglected duty. I once went to the trunk, determined to take my stand at all odds, but was so agitated that one of the boys, seeing it, cried out, "What's the matter, Ned? Your hand has got the shakes." Tears started in my eyes. I made some light answer, and taking my cap, hastily left the room.

On Monday the fourth boy arrived, who was to sleep with me. We had speculated a good deal about him, and hoped he'd prove the "right sort." What a little fellow he was; yet he was but a year younger than myself. "Langdon." A good name. Easy too in his ways; not too free, or Nick Doty would have snubbed him. After supper we went in swimming, and a capital swimmer he was. We all studied pretty well that evening. At nine o'clock, the new comer emptied his pockets of chestnuts, and we cracked some hard jokes over them.

At length Langdon went to his trunk, and taking out a book, he brought it to the study-table. Nick eyed it curiously. "This is my Bible," said Langdon; "I always read in it before going to bed. I don't know as you have been brought up as I have. My parents are Christians, and my father told me never for a single day to omit reading my Bible."

"I've got a Bible in my trunk," said Nick, starting for it. "So have I," said the other boy.

"And I too," echoed I, blushing at my dough-facedness. I would have given any thing to have been in Langdon's shoes then. How I admired and respected his moral pluck. I felt that God honors those that honor Him; and that good sense, as well as conscience, guided him. We all brought our Bibles, and Nick, who never lost the chance of a story, began one about Noah, I forget what, only we all laughed, all but Langdon.

"Well, boys," he said with a quiet seriousness, "as this is God's word, let us read a chapter, and suppose we all read round." "I'm certain my folks would like it," said Nick; and so we began Bible reading in our room, which did not fail of producing marked effects. The room, from having had a doubtful reputation, became one of the best-ordered among the students. The habit of seriously reading God's word every day gradually bred a thoughtful, reverent spirit among us, checking overmuch levity, and strengthening the good habits which we brought from home.

As for me, it taught me a lesson of the folly of indecision never to be forgotten. Let every young person, on first leaving home, *promptly* discharge the first and most obvious duties enjoined by his Christian education, and a thousand young men would *stand* where now a thousand fall, and fall to rise no more. Many wonder that the children of pious parents often go so far astray. It is no wonder. A well-instructed and sensitive conscience needs careful handling. Like fine steel, its delicate edge is easily blunted. Disregard its warnings,

dodge its convictions, and its voice is soon hushed. Restraint once removed, and one goes from bad to worse, a down-hill path, with ever increasing speed. Safety alone lies in *prompt* and *faithful* obedience to its dictates.



XIX.

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

ONE very useful and handsome kind of dog lives on the famous mountains in Europe, which are called the Alps. He is called the dog of St. Bernard; he is very large, about five feet long from the nose to the tip of the tail, and covered with thick curled hair. During many months in every

year the snow covers the mountains amidst which these dogs live.

It has often happened that people, trying to cross the mountains, have been lost in the snow; and they must have died from cold and hunger, had not these good strong dogs found them out, and scratched away the snow which covered them. There was one dog, called Barry, who saved the lives of forty people in this way.

One day, Barry found a little boy whose mother had been killed by a great heap of snow or ice falling upon her. The poor little fellow was helpless and alone, and must soon have perished; but this good dog licked his face and hands, and coaxed him as well as he could to get upon his back, and then Barry carried the little boy to the place where his own kind masters lived upon the mountain, and they took care of him.

There is another very large kind of dog, which is as useful in bringing people out of the water when they have fallen into it, as the St. Bernard dogs are in getting them out of the snow. They are called Newfoundland dogs, because they came at first from Newfoundland. In that country they are employed to draw heavy loads of wood and other things; three or four of them are yoked together, and they do not need any driver, for they never loiter or lose their way.

But in most places they are chiefly valued for their good temper and their being able to swim so well. They can dive too, and bring up any thing from the bottom of the water. They have saved

the lives of a great many people. One day, a little child who was looking over the top of a bridge, fell from his nurse's arms into the water. It was very deep, and the poor little fellow would have been drowned, had it not been for a Newfoundland dog which was passing by, and saw him fall in.

The dog ran instantly to the river, waited one moment till he saw the child rise to the surface of the water, and then plunged in after him. He soon caught hold of his clothes, and brought him safely back to land. The father of the little boy came up just as the good dog brought him out of the water; and he was so delighted and so thankful, that he offered the gentleman to whom the dog belonged a large sum of money, if he would give him the dog; but his master refused, and said he was such a brave, affectionate creature, that he would not part with him for all the money in the world.

The Shepherd's Dog is also a very sensible and faithful creature; he is not very large, has long shaggy hair and a bushy tail, and is mostly of a black or dark gray color. A shepherd had one day a flock of seven hundred lambs under his care; they were feeding upon some high green hills in Scotland, and he had one clever dog, called Sirrah, to help him take care of them.

When it grew dark, the lambs took it into their heads to run away, and they broke up into three parties, and scampered off as fast as they could, three different ways. The shepherd was in great trouble; it was so dark that he could hardly see any thing; he could not even see his dog Sirrah,

though he knew that he was not far off. So he said, "Sirrah, my man, they are all gone away." Sirrah did not make the least sound, for a good sheep dog always goes about his work quietly; but he set off directly to seek after the lambs.

All that night the shepherd went up and down for many miles, looking for his flock, and could not find one of them. At last, when the morning came, the shepherd thought he must go home and tell his master that all the lambs were lost, and he could not see any thing of Sirrah either. On his way home, however, and just as the sun was rising, he saw, in a deep, hollow place near the road, a great many lambs, and his good dog Sirrah standing in front of them; and when he came up to him, and began to count the lambs, they were all there.

Nobody ever knew how Sirrah had contrived to find the whole seven hundred, and to bring them to this place that they could not easily get out of; but there they were, and the shepherd could not tell how to thank his clever dog sufficiently. He treated him like a friend always, shared all his meals with Sirrah, and sheltered him under his cloak when the weather was wet and stormy.

XX.

THE BOY IN THE MINE.

WHEN you see coal put into the cellar for the winter, do you ever think of your heavenly Father's having provided coal for all his children for all the

winters to come, and put it carefully away in his great cellars deep in the earth?

A great many persons are employed in going down into these mines to get this coal for your use and comfort. In some places in England, they go a great way under ground. Men and boys are let down by ropes into deep pits, that have been dug to get to the coal. They have made streets under ground, and some of them extend under the sea, so that persons that are working in them can hear the roaring of the waves overheard.

Sometimes these passages to the large chambers, where the coal is dug out by pickaxes, are very narrow and very low, so that there is only room enough for little boys to crawl along on their hands and knees, and push the little cars before them, loaded with coal. The only light they have is from lamps they carry.

The places where they work are often so far from the mouth of the well where the workmen are let down, that the men and boys take their food with them, and stay down in these dark places all the week, and only come up to the light of the sun and to the fresh air to spend the Sabbath above ground.

These chambers and passages under ground, in a coal-mine, are often filled with a kind of air that comes from the coal, which takes fire and explodes, breaking down the top and sides of the mine, and burying alive all the workmen. The lamps they use are all covered with a netting of fine wire, which lets the light shine through, but does not let the flame pass out to set fire to the air.

In one of these mines one day, one of the workmen carelessly opened the wire covering of his lamp. The flame in an instant set fire to the air—or gas, as it is called—in the mine, and a terrible explosion took place; all the chambers and lanes were in an instant filled up with huge blocks of coal and dirt and stones that were thrown down, so that all the workmen were buried in the ruins.

The people above heard the noise and ran to the place, and let some workmen down to see what had become of the poor creatures below. With all the efforts they could make, it was several days before they could clear away the rubbish and get to the workmen. At length they found these poor people—all dead!



In the corner of one of the large chambers, they found a little boy sitting, with just room enough to move his arms. A tin box, which had been painted,

and a rusty nail lay by his side. On one side of the box the poor little fellow scratched in the dark with the old nail the following words:

“Fret not dear Mother For we were singing while we had time and praising God Mother Follow God more than ever I did.”

On the other side of the box he wrote,

“Johnny, farewell! Be a good lad to God and thy mother.”

These, you see, are his last messages to his mother and brother. How sweet to think that the dear little boy, shut out from the light of heaven, smothered in that dark cavern, so well understood the answer to the question, “What is the chief end of man?” “To glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever.”

He glorified God by trying in his last moments to do good to his brother, and to comfort his dear mother; and he began *his enjoyment of God*, which was to last for ever, by singing and praising Him the few moments he had left here on earth—humbly confessing his sins in the midst of his praises, when he begs his mother to follow God more than ever he did.

Oh, how I wish that all the children who read this would follow the advice of the poor little miner, “Be a good lad to God and thy mother,” while they *have time*. Then they may hope, whether they die in youth or old age, on land or sea, to die singing and praising God.

XXI.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

I SAW a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a fine instance of the power of simple truth. A little girl nine years of age was a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a crime done in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the lawyer for the prisoner, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath." "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer. "There, your honor," said the lawyer to the judge, "is any thing more needed to show the force of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not understand the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart. "Were you ever a witness before?" "No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?" She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible." "Do you ever read it?" he asked. "Yes, sir, every evening." "Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge. "It is the word of the great God," she answered. "Well, place your hand upon this Bible,

and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually taken by witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?" "I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again. The child took the Bible, and turning to the chapter containing the ten commandments, pointed to the ninth command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" asked the judge. "Yes, sir," she replied; "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness; and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the ten commandments; and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she told me to remember that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, with emotion. "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed that her belief of its truth was perfect. "God bless you, my child," said the judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I

would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The lawyer tried her with many cunning questions, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime.

Falsehood and perjury had gone before her testimony. The prisoner had buried himself in lies, until he deemed himself safe. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of these wicked men to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and God put honor upon the little child that feared and loved him.

How safe and happy is every soul that loves the truth, and puts all its trust in the true and faithful God.

XXII.

A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE.

REMEMBER, love, who gave thee this,

When other days shall come,

When she who had thine earliest kiss

Sleeps in her narrow home.

Remember, 't was a mother gave

The gift to one she'd die to save!



That mother sought a pledge of love—
The holiest—for her son;
And, from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one:
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light, and life, and joy;
And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.
And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,

She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If SHE or HE had loved him best.

A *parent's* blessing on her son,
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy—
A mother's gift—remember, boy!

W. FERGUSON.

XXIII.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

THE golden eagle is found in the lofty and barren cliffs of the Orkney Islands, which lie on the north of Scotland. It is a powerful bird, and one of them was once the cause of great distress and terror to the inhabitants of a certain village.

The villagers had gone out one midsummer's day to the hay fields. About one o'clock they left their labor, to rest, and to eat the provisions they had brought with them. While they were enjoying themselves in this quiet way, the happy scene was suddenly interrupted by a golden eagle, the pride, but also the dread of the village.

The savage bird stooped down over the party of villagers for a moment in its flight, and then soared away with something in its talons. One piercing shriek from a woman's voice was heard, and then the cries of the villagers exclaiming, "Han-

nah Lamond's child, Hannah Lamond's child. The eagle has carried it off!"

In an instant many hundred feet were hurrying towards the mountain, whither the eagle had flown. The eyry, which is the name for an eagle's nest, was well known; but who could scale that dizzy cliff?

All the villagers stood gazing and weeping, yet no one dared to venture up a cliff which seemed to afford no footing. Hannah Lamond, meanwhile, was sitting on a rock beneath the mountain, as pale as death, with her eyes fixed on the eyry. No one had hitherto noticed her, for every eye was, like hers, fixed on the eyry.

Presently, she started up, and dashing through the thickets, and over the stones, she ascended the precipice faster than the hunter in pursuit of game. No one doubted that she would be dashed to pieces. But the thought of her infant in the talons of the eagle seemed to give the afflicted mother supernatural strength. On she went, undaunted by the dangers to which she was exposed.

As she approached the eyry, the eagles dashed by so close to her head that she could see the yellow light of their wrathful eyes. They did not hurt her, but flew to the stump of an ash-tree, which jutted out of a corner in the cliff near her. The devoted mother passed on, and having at length reached the fearful spot, fell across the eyry, in the midst of the bones with which it was strewed, and clasped her child alive in her arms. There it lay, unhurt and at rest, wrapped up just as she had laid

it down to sleep in the harvest field. The little creature uttered a feeble cry, and she screamed out, "It lives, it lives!"

Binding her precious burden to her waist with her handkerchief, and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, to a small piece of root-bound earth. Her fingers seemed to have acquired new strength, as she swung herself down, striking her feet from time to time against the sharp-edged rocks. But she felt no pain.

The side of the precipice now became steep as the wall of a house; but it was matted with ivy, whose thick, tough stems clung to the rock, and formed a ladder, down which she swung herself. Again she touched earth and stones. She heard a low bleating beside her, and looking around, saw a goat, with two little kids; she followed their track down the precipice which still remained to descend. Her rugged path became easier as she went on, and brought her at length to the foot of the mountain among her neighbors and friends.

On first reaching the ground, the feverish strength which had hitherto supported her, failed, and she fell on the ground in a faint. The crowd that had gathered round to welcome her, now stood back to give her air. She soon recovered, and joined them in giving thanks to God for the wonderful preservation of her child, and her own escape from danger scarcely less terrible.

Can a mother forget her child, and not have compassion on him? "Yea," says the Lord to his servant, "they may forget; yet will I not forget thee."



XXIV.

SOLOMON'S REQUEST.

IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day.

And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy

servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?

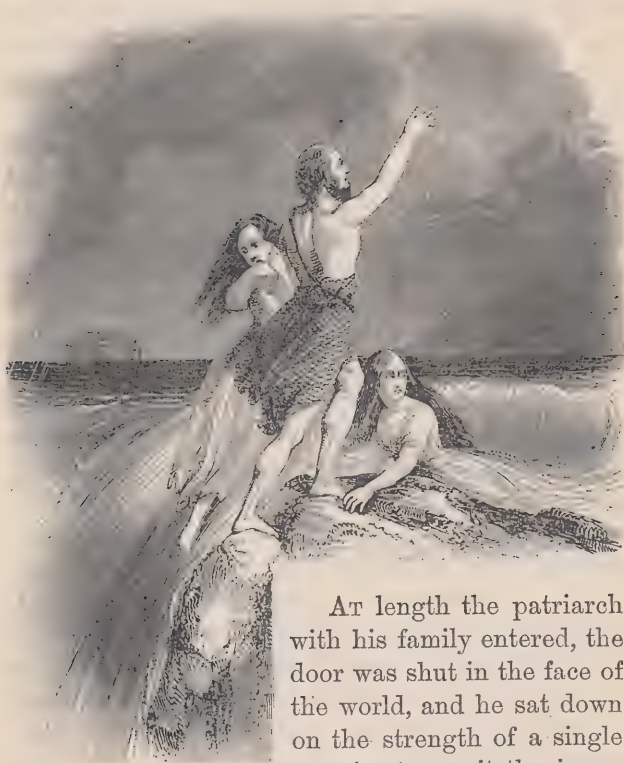
And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment: behold! I have done according to thy words; lo! I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches, and honor: so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream.

And he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and offered up burnt-offerings, and offered peace-offerings, and made a feast to all his servants.

XXV.

THE DELUGE.



At length the patriarch with his family entered, the door was shut in the face of the world, and he sat down on the strength of a single promise to await the issue.

That night the sun went down over the green hills beautiful as ever, and the stars came out in the blue sky, and nature breathed long and peacefully.

In the morning the sun rose in undimmed splen-

dor and mounted the heavens. Enclosed within the vast building, Noah could hear the muffled sound of life without. The lowing of herds came on his ear, and the song of the husbandman going to his toil, and the rapid roll of carriage wheels as they hurried past, and perhaps the ribald shout and laugh of those who expended their wit on him and his ark together.

To say nothing of the improbability of a universal deluge, the idea was preposterous that such a helmless affair could outride a wrecked world. Thus day after day passed on until a week had gone by, but still the faith of that old man never shook. At length the sky became overcast, and the gentle rain descended: to Noah the beginning of the flood, to the world a welcome shower.

The farmer as he housed his cattle, rejoiced in the refreshing moisture, while the city never checked its gayety or the man of wealth his plans. But as the rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams went surging by, men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up.

The lowlands were deluged: the streams broke over their banks, bearing houses and cattle away on their maddened bosoms. Wealth was destroyed and lives lost, till men talked of ruined fortunes, famine, and desolation; but still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds, till it was like one falling sheet of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors.

The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were

flooded, and the peasants sought the eminences around for safety. Yet still the water rose around them, till all through the valleys nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. Oh, then what fierce struggles there were for life among them!

The mother lifted her infant above her head, while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters; the strong crowded off the weak as each sought the highest point; while the living mass slowly crumbled away till the last disappeared, and the swift water swept smooth and noiseless above them all.

Men were heard talking of the number of lives lost and the amount of wealth destroyed, declaring that such a flood had not happened in the remembrance of the oldest man. No one yet dreamed of the highest grounds being covered, least of all the mountains; to drown the world, men said, it must rain till the ocean itself was filled above its level for miles; and so they feared it not, and sought for amusement within doors till the storm should abate. Oh, what scenes of vice and shame and brutality and revelry did that storm witness in the thronged city, and what unhallowed songs mingled in the pauses of the blast that swept by.

But at length another sound was heard that sent paleness to every cheek, and chained every tongue in mute terror. It was a far distant roar, faint but fearful, yet sounding more distinct and ominous every moment, till it filled all the air. The earth trembled and groaned under it, as if an earth-

quake was on its march, and ever and anon came a crash as if the "ribs of nature" were breaking.

Nearer and louder and more terrible it grew, till men forgetting their pleasure and their anger, rushed out in the storm, whispering, "The flood! the flood!" and lo, a new sea, the like of which no man had ever seen before, came rolling over the crouching earth. Stretching from horizon to horizon, it came pouring its green and massive waters onward; while the successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rising even above the roar of the on-rushing ocean, as city after city, and kingdom after kingdom disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror inconceivable, indescribable. "The fountains of the great deep were broken up."

But the last cry of human agony was at length hushed; and oh, what a wreck was there! the wreck of two thousand years, with their cities, cultivated fields and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the remains of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world.

HEADLEY.

XXVI.

ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD.

THOU art, O God, the life and light

Of all this wondrous world we see;

Its glow by day, its smile by night,

Are but reflections caught from thee.

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,

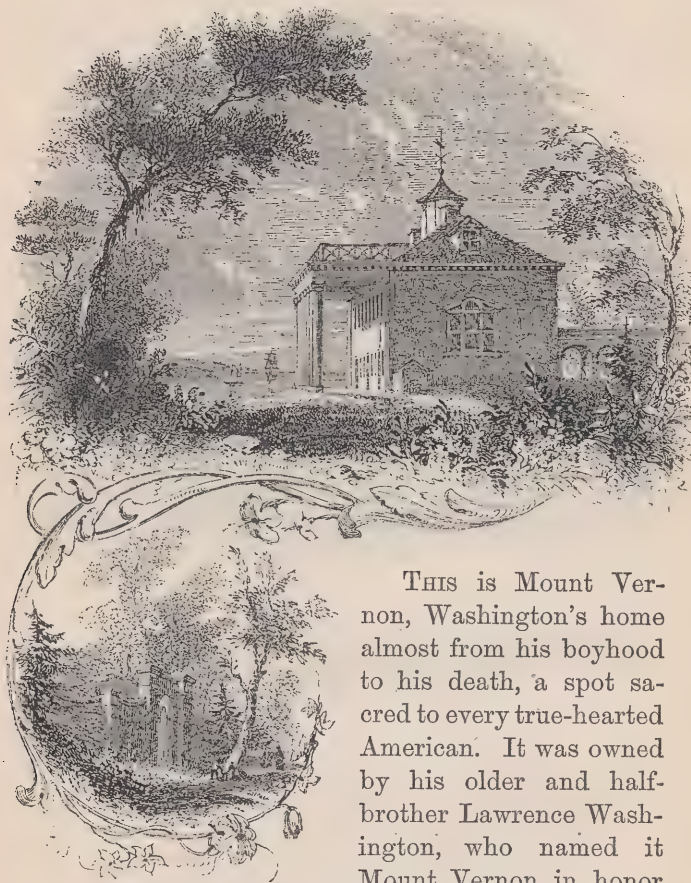
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.



When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.



THIS is Mount Vernon, Washington's home almost from his boyhood to his death, a spot sacred to every true-hearted American. It was owned by his older and half-brother Lawrence Washington, who named it Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon, an English officer under whom he once served.

At his death he left the estate to George, to whom it was endeared by the memory of many

happy days passed there in the society of this beloved brother. Here he died, and here is his tomb, as seen in the lower part of the picture.

The house is beautifully situated on a swell of land, in Fairfax county, commanding a splendid view up and down the Potomac. "No estate in the United States," wrote Washington to one of his friends, "is more pleasant. In a high and healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on a river well stocked with fish at all seasons of the year."

The farm was very large, divided into immense fields for the cultivation of wheat, corn, and tobacco. His workmen and outhouses formed a small village; for there were houses and work-shops for tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, and wheelwrights; and stables for his horses, whose names, ages, and qualities were kept on register.

Washington managed his estate with the same thorough business habits for which he was so remarkable in public life. He kept his own accounts, and posted his own books. Nothing was neglected, nothing put off or done carelessly; every thing which was worth doing, was done in the best possible way.

The products of his farm became so noted for the faithfulness as to quality and quantity with which they were put up, that it is said any barrel of flour which bore the brand of GEORGE WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON, was not subject to the usual customhouse vigilance in the West India ports.

But if the unflinching integrity of the master of Mount Vernon is worthy of being copied, no less so

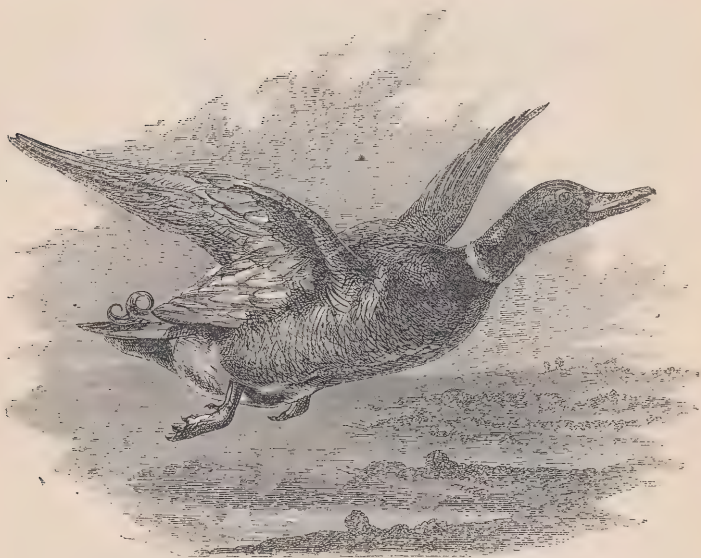
are his daily habits. He used to rise early, often long before daybreak in winter, when he would light his own fire and read till breakfast-time. Two small cups of tea and two or three hoe-cakes formed his usual breakfast.

Then he mounted his horse, and visited those parts of the farm where work was going on, seeing to every thing with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hand. Dinner was served at two. He took tea early in the evening, and retired to his chamber about nine.

Nor can we doubt that his frugal and regular habits contributed to that clear discernment of men and manners, that calm consciousness of strength, which so wonderfully fitted him for the trying struggles of the Revolution. Though called to the most responsible offices in camp and city, Mount Vernon was always his harbor of rest, where he loved to enjoy the sweet peace of country life.

It is fifteen miles from Washington and nine from Alexandria. A few years ago the ladies of the United States resolved to buy this interesting spot, and present it to the nation. A noble gift. Hon. Edward Everett, delighted with the plan, offered his services to further the undertaking.

For this purpose he wrote his famous oration upon Washington, which has charmed the largest audiences in all the chief cities of the land. This he delivered a hundred and twenty times, and a large fund grew from it. The republic may well thank God for such a model of a man as George Washington.



XXVIII.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'mid falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—

Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon thou shalt find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT.

XXIX.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THE plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well-proportioned and even handsome.



The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius.

To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals: in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them.

In his native groves, mounted on the top of a

tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone; to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment.

Neither is this strain altogether imitative: his own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor for half an hour, or an hour, at a time: his expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear.

While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect; so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied call of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and

energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master: he squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood: the barking of the dog, the mew-ing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbar-row, follow, with great truth and rapidity: he repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully: he runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

WILSON.

XXX.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

“THERE is one place,” said a gentleman, who has travelled far and wide in the pursuit of his favorite study, the natural history of birds, “which has left me sweet memories, and my thoughts return to it as the traveller’s do to the hearth-stone of his home. It is a lonely island, on the western coast of Scotland, amid howling seas and dangerous reefs; but it was there, in the humble hut of a fisherman, I found repose, and a dear young friend.

“Having hurt myself by a fall among the rocks, I was tenderly nursed by the fisherman’s daughter, whose mother was dead: and she took care of her father, then too old and infirm to leave his chimney-corner, and two young brothers, one eighteen and the other thirteen years old, though he appeared to be about nine.

“His name was Archibald, but he was known only as Archie. He was not able to endure the hard labors of fishing, or digging in the barley-field; he could gather flowers and braid mats, but he loved better to venture out upon the spray-washed reefs, and play with the sea-weed and the dashing waves, or climb the tall cliffs and watch the sea-fowl sweeping and screaming among the bald rocks.

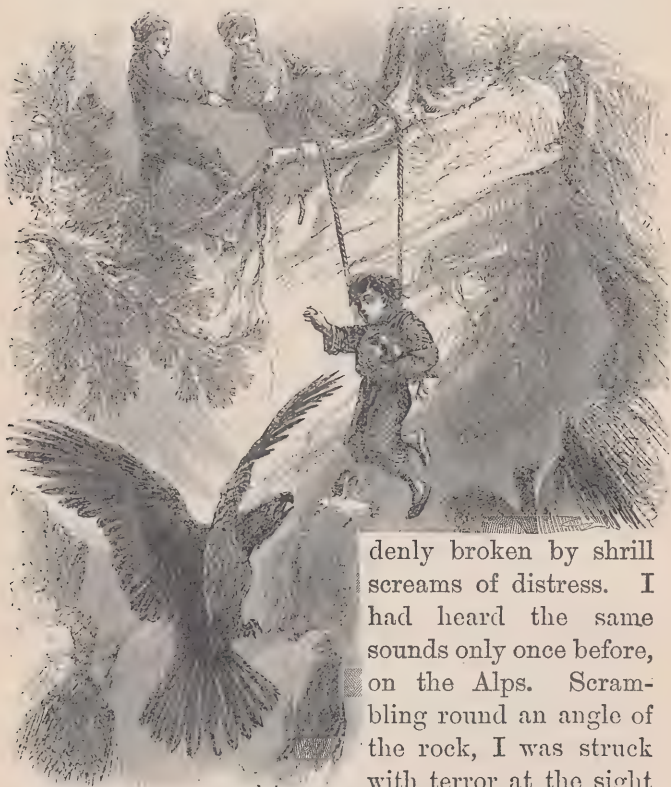
“It was some time before I made his acquaintance, for he was shy of strangers. When the bad weather kept him within doors, he watched my collection of stuffed birds, and saw me arrange them with evident delight.

“Soon he began to help me, and by the time I was able to go out, he became not only my companion, but my guide. One day I happened to say before him, how much I wanted the young ones of the fisher-eagle, a species which I had as yet been unable to obtain. His eye flashed as he looked at me, but he said nothing.

“A few mornings after, I arose early, in order to make a long excursion on the island, and called for Archie to be ready to go with me, but Archie was not to be found. I set off without him, but I

felt very lonely. The beach was a desert, and the rocky cliffs among which I wandered seemed more wild and desolate than ever. I wanted Archie.

"At last the silence of these solitudes was sud-



denly broken by shrill screams of distress. I had heard the same sounds only once before, on the Alps. Scrambling round an angle of the rock, I was struck with terror at the sight

before me. There was little Archie, who had ventured to an eagle's nest, on the side of a high cliff, and the angry bird was about to pounce upon him.

"I could not fire, for fear of hitting the boy. In his arms were two eaglets, which he had braved death to get for me. Poor boy! The beak of the eagle was just ready to tear his face, when he let one drop, and the eagle darted down to break the fall of her young.

"I breathed more freely, for I had been in terrible agony. The two boys on the top of the precipice pulled lustily at the rope, and Archie was nearly up, when the eagle renewed her attack, with a frightful noise. He let the other drop, and in a second more he caught hold of the gnarled stump, and was safe. I ran and clasped in my arms the brave little hunter.

"Afterwards we returned to the cliff better prepared for such an enterprise. I descended into the ravine discovered by Archie, and examined the huge nest at leisure. It was on a little platform five or six feet long, built of layers of sticks, reeds, and heath, and surrounded by the bleached bones of animals. A whole family of these eaglets I stuffed, and had a fine opportunity of studying the different plumage of the parent-birds and their little ones.

"But better than all, I had found a brave, trusty, and warm-hearted friend. Archie, too, had found his business for life. And his friends confided him to me, on the condition that once in two years we should visit his old home, to keep alive his recollections of childhood, and refresh himself among the cliffs and surf, the birds and breezes of his native island."

XXXI.

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no party, trust no faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Turn from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, and do the right.

WILSON.



XXXII.

“A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN
THE BUSH.”

THERE are two little songsters well known in the
land;

Their names are “I-Have,” and “Oh-Had-I.”

“I-Have” will come tamely and perch on your
hand,

But “Oh-Had-I” will mock you most sadly.

"I-Have," at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand "Oh-Had-I's," that sit far and high,
On rocks and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing on, "Be cheery, be cheery."
Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let an "Oh-Had-I" for once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now lying, now panting, now creeping;
While far overhead, this sweet bird at his will
With his bright golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise one who attends to my song
Will count his "I-Have" a choice treasure;
And whene'er an "Oh-Had-I" comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

XXXIII.

NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

ONE day, a poor boy picked up a horseshoe in the street. Of what use was it? He walked three miles to a blacksmith's shop to sell it, and he sold it for *one penny*. No gains without pains. This was the first penny he ever had.

Soon after this, his sister, in drawing molasses, let it run over the kettle on the floor. After she had scooped up all she thought worth saving, Samuel, for that was the boy's name, scraped up the rest and sold it for three half-pence; and so, little by little, his pennies increased until he had money enough to buy a hymn-book. No gains without pains. Was he not then a rich and happy boy? The hymn-book was a library of good and beautiful thoughts to him.

When he was about nine, passing his mother's door one morning, he heard her voice in prayer, and he stopped and listened. He found it was for him that she earnestly prayed. This made his heart very tender, and he thought, "If my mother feels so for me, how should I feel for myself?" and immediately he went by himself and prayed.

And what did he pray for? That God for Christ's sake would forgive his sins, and make him one of His own dear children. And this was his prayer not only that day, but every day: and not his prayer only, but his whole behavior showed that he was in earnest about the matter; for there are no gains without pains in religion, more than in other things.

The next year his mother was taken suddenly ill; and one night when she was thought to be dying, he was suddenly called up and sent to fetch the doctor. It was dark and cold, and as he spurred old Bob over the ground, he prayed all the while that God would spare his mother. The poor child's heart was heavy with sorrow.

By-and-by the cheerful note of an early morning bird broke on his ear; and it seemed like a messenger-bird from God, whispering hope in his ear, and filling him with a sweet sense of His presence and love. "I am quite sure, sister Betsey," he said on reaching home again, "that God will please to spare my mother." God did spare his mother; and ever after that, he felt very near to the great God and his Saviour Jesus Christ; and he was not afraid, because he hoped that his sins had been forgiven. His mother was very glad when she knew he loved God.

As Samuel grew older, he wished to preach the gospel. On the other hand, he saw how poor his parents were, and how dependent they must soon become on his help; ought he not to do something to support them? To decide what to do cost him many a struggle; for he gave up the hope of preaching, and went into a store in a neighboring town.

Before leaving home, he made his mother a present; and what do you think it was? A purse containing one hundred and fifty dollars, the fruit of his own diligent earnings and careful savings. No gains without pains. "Why not put it in the bank?" some might say. No; he thought the investment which he then made *the best* he ever made; for he said afterwards, "There is no investment under the sky so sure as a parent's blessing."

At this time Samuel was fourteen. While in the store, Samuel took great care of his Sabbaths. Sometimes he even stopped his ears on going home from church, lest he might hear some foolish con-

versation that would divert his mind from the sermon; and to be alone, he often went out into an old quarry, where, seated on a stone he would review what he had heard, and search the Bible to confirm its truth. No gains without pains, he thought.

XXXIV.

NO PAINS, NO GAINS—CONTINUED.

AFTER staying a while in the store, the shopkeeper, who was a hard man, dismissed him from his service, for Samuel was small of his age, and not very strong. The poor boy felt much troubled at this, but he plucked up courage and went out to hunt up a new place. Hearing of a vacancy in a store at Bristol, the next town, he hastened there; but he trembled as he entered the store, for he felt that his size, his looks, and his dress, were all against him. "I am afraid you are not strong enough," said the shopkeeper, eyeing him from head to foot. "Oh, do try me, sir," said Samuel.

"Can you write your address?" asked the man. Samuel was not quite sure what "address" meant, but he answered, "I can write an invoice, sir." Other boys may not know what an "invoice" is. "Very well," said the man, "write 86 pounds of bacon at 9½ pence per pound." Samuel wrote it, but the reckoning was wrong. He tried a second time and failed.

At that moment a young man taller and larger

than himself, came in to apply for the same situation, and the boy felt there was no hope for him. But the shopkeeper's wife spoke in his behalf, and his own strong desire to "try," led the man to take him; besides, there was something in the spirit of the boy which made a strong impression in his favor.

Before going to Bristol, he went home in company with a younger brother to see his parents. The boys travelled on foot, and as his brother had been more at school than himself, he determined to improve on the walk as much as possible. Samuel therefore practised addition, multiplication, and division on all the bacon, butter, and cheese they could think of; and so engaged were they in the march of improvement, that night came on before reaching home, and they were obliged to sleep under the friendly shelter of a coke-kiln. No pains, no gains, they thought.

We cannot stop to follow Samuel's course farther. We must leave him at the coke-kiln, though they got home to breakfast the next morning; and only say in conclusion, that he became one of the most extensive merchants in the west of England, and not only rich in property, but rich in good works. He built chapels, established Sabbath-schools, and was the untiring friend of the poor.

For the two hundred men employed about his immense warehouses, he built a beautiful chapel, where he always met his men for morning and evening prayers, and where he taught them many precious lessons in that godliness which has the

“promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”

No gains without pains in God's work, as well as his own; and how great those gains are, will perhaps most strikingly appear on a dying-bed, when all worldly gains have lost their value. “I sent for you,” said this pious merchant on his dying bed to a Christian friend, “to tell you how happy I am; not a wave, not a ripple, not a fear, not a shadow of doubt.”

“I didn't think it was possible,” he said, “for a man to enjoy so much of God upon earth. I am filled with God. I like to hear of the beauties of heaven, but I do not dwell upon them; no, what I rejoice in is, that Christ will be there. Where he is, there shall I be also. I know that he is in me, and I in him. I delight in knowing that.” The name of this pious merchant was Samuel Budgett, of Bristol, England.

XXXV.

KINDNESS AT HOME.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.



Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen;
O, well mayest thou cherish and comfort her now,
 For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray,
 As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone;
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Her kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

XXXVI.

IS IT FATHER'S LETTER?

GEORGE was at home from college, and much did he have to tell about college life, the professors, the boys' pranks, boarding in commons, studies, exercises: "And, mother," he said one evening, "there's a club of fellows in college that don't believe the Bible as *you* do. They say it is absurd to call it the word of God. They say it isn't any more divine than Herodotus, or Pliny, or any of those old authors. It's only history, like any history, but not inspired by God."

George enlarged freely upon this new set of opinions, new at least to him, but old as the world is—for Satan's great aim in Paradise was to destroy Eve's faith in the word of God; and he has never slackened his efforts to do so with men ever since. His mother saw that her son's faith was shocked, if not shaken; at any rate, that worst of all evils, doubts, like a flock of carrion crows, had been lodged in his mind.

While they were talking, one of the bank clerks handed in a letter. "From father!" cried George, holding it up, "and post-marked Chicago." "From father, from father!" shouted the younger children, clapping their hands. It was for mother, but she bade George open and read it aloud.

A long and interesting letter it was to this little family group, and they all began to talk at once about its contents as soon as George had finished, all but mother, who amid this hubbub of cheery voices said nothing; she sat gravely looking into the fire. At last, when they began to wonder at her silence, she said, "I doubt if that letter *is* from your father." The children looked at each other and at their mother in surprise. For a moment no one spoke; the glad flow of their spirits seemed suddenly checked and chilled.

"Why, mother, it has certainly got father's signature," said James, taking up the letter and looking it over. "Any body might know his signature; it's exactly the same he writes on his bank-bills—just such a quirl of the G, just such square W's; that says it's father's as clear as daylight." "In

other words, proves it authentic," said the young collegian George.

"And certainly there's no denying father's seal on the outside," said Jessie, taking her turn at the letter, "the eagle with a scroll in his mouth, the very one Judge Halmer gave him so long ago."

"Why, mother," cried a third, "*it suits* us so. Who but father, away off in Chicago, knows you have a son George in college? Who but father knew Sarah wanted a writing-desk? Who but father knew all about poor Jessie's lame leg? Who in all that big Chicago knows all our different wants, and could say just the things *to* us and *about* us all, but *father*, our own father dear?"

"Well, mother, I reckon you won't doubt when the desk and your shawl and all the little nicknacks father mentions having sent, *come*. That will be convincing enough, I guess," said George pretty positively.

The conversation passed off, but not the impression it left on George's mind, which was an uneasy one. How strange, he thought, for his mother to doubt, and so seriously doubt, whether that letter was from his father. Was his mother going crazy? Could this be a symptom of insanity? He knew she had not been well, and two or three people were in the insane-hospital, that once were just as unlikely to be there as his mother. He pondered the matter long after he went to bed, and fell asleep painfully puzzled.

The next night the thundering knock of the expressman announced the arrival of father's prom-

ised package. "There, mother," said George, as he received and opened it, taking out one after the other the articles specified in the letter, "does not *this* confirm father's letter?" After they had been sufficiently admired and talked over, George sat down by his mother, and affectionately taking her hand, "Now, dear mother," he asked, "what did make you doubt it was father's letter? It seemed to me so extraordinary."

"Not more extraordinary, my son, than for one to doubt the genuineness of the word of God, the Bible, the heavenly Father's letter to us." Then George instantly saw it was to teach him an important lesson. "How did you all try to prove your father's letter genuine, that he was indeed the author of it? what was the proof?" she asked.

He thought a moment, and then answered, "First by his signature; then by his seal; then because it suited our case; and to-night, by the arrival of the package, which it *said* he sent—that is, by the fulfilment of its promises: four substantial proofs, mother."

"And these are precisely four of the proofs which satisfy us that the Bible is from God," said his mother. "First, it *professes* to be; its writers declare it is so. God said to Moses when he sent him with his messages, 'I will be thy mouth.' David says, 'The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue.' When Christ sent his disciples to preach the gospel, he told them, 'It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.' You see it professes to be from God; his *signature* is put to it.

“That alone is not enough, however. Let us look farther, and we shall find God’s *seal* upon it. Moses went to Egypt with a message from God. ‘Prove that it is from God,’ they said. And what did he do? He wrought miracles before them. ‘*There are my credentials,*’ he said.”

“What are credentials?” asked James. “That which gives us a *title* to people’s confidence,” answered his mother. “When a man is sent to this country from England on the Queen’s business, he brings his credentials with him—a letter with the royal seal upon it. The apostles in the same way wrought miracles in proof that they brought the gospel from God. Miracles are God’s *seal* upon his messages to man.

“Then you said your father’s letter *suit*ed our case,” continued she; “it was from one who knew all about us. And this is a great proof that the Bible is from God; it is so suited to our wants. We are guilty, it offers pardon. We are rebels against God’s law, it brings a message of peace. We are lost, it tells us of a Saviour. We are dead, its truths bring life and immortality to light. We are sorrowful and wretched, it promises joy and hope and heaven. The Bible is wonderfully adapted to all our wants, you see. It knows our case.

“And the farther proof is, *what it says comes to pass* in the fulfilment of its promises and prophecies. The arrival of the package you considered the crowning proof of the genuineness of your father’s letter. In a like manner the Bible promises, and no one yet ever found it to fail. It fore-

tells future events, not for one year only, but years and centuries beforehand—events which none but God's all-seeing eye could foresee and foreknow. In the march of time they all come to pass, and are constantly fulfilling before our eyes.

“Therefore you see, my son, that the same kind of evidence which established the genuineness of your father's letter, and which you thought it so extraordinary that I could doubt, establishes the genuineness of God's message to man; and none but unfair or frivolous minds, incapable of appreciating evidence, will ever doubt or reject the truth that *the Scriptures are the word of God*, written, as they declare, that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing we might have life through his name. To find this life, the one great object and end of all our endeavors, George, ‘Search the Scriptures,’ says the Son of God; and it is a search we cannot too earnestly make.”

“O mother,” said the young collegian the next day, kissing her pale cheek, “your words are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

XXXVII.

HOW TO GO TO CHRIST.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!



Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

XXXVIII.

THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll—
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed—
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art:
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise, to all eternity.

XXXIX.

THE STOLEN HIDES.

WILLIAM SAVERY, an eminent preacher among the Friends, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as "one who walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides was stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole affair secret, and will gladly put

him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done.

A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock; and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back towards her, and did not speak.

After leaning against the fire-place in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole any thing, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill, every body gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children

are starving. You have sent them many a meal; God bless you: and yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret still remains between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow, on good wages. Thy little boy can pick up stones.

"But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving any thing stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night, with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to show the power of that love for God and man which the gospel of Christ inspires.

XL.

THE SNOW-STORM.

THE cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild;
And mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow;
And darker hours of night came on;
And deeper grew the drifting snow:
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone:
"O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm;
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm:
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil:
The frost of death was in her eye:
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale.
He moved the robe from off the child:
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

SEBA SMITH.



XLI.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling—
Send earthly thoughts away—
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself and neighbor
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The grace our Father gives us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou art in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember too, in gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

XLII.

WE MUST ALL MIND SOMEBODY.

ANNIE and Nettie, Mrs. Gray's children, lay snugly tucked in their little bed, where their mother had just left them. They had said their evening

prayers, and she had been speaking with them about the past day's conduct. They kept talking after she left them.

Annie was the larger and stronger of the two, and took the lead in every thing. "Dear me, Nettie," said she, "don't you wish it was mamma's duty to mind us, instead of ours to mind her? I would let her go visiting every day, and she would wear her best dresses all the time."

"Then what could we leave her to wear Sundays?" asked Nettie.

"Oh," said Annie. "Well, then, perhaps she had better not. But now, Nettie, it isn't a bit pleasant to mind, is it? Everybody is always saying, 'Annie, don't do this; Annie, don't do that.' The more I want to, the more I can't. How nice it would be to have papa and mamma ask us if they might go to spend the day at grandma's, instead of our having to ask them. I'd always let 'em go."

"But then you know, Annie," replied Nettie, "they would not ask to go if it was n't best. They would always know. Don't you remember how you cried because you couldn't go to Lottie Frost's that afternoon, when there was such an awful storm? Mamma thought it was coming, and it did; and how scared we were! If we had gone, we should have been all wet through, and perhaps the lightning would have struck us on the road."

"Don't let us talk any more," said Annie; "I'm going to sleep."

"Wait a minute, Annie," said her mother, who

had been sitting in the next chamber, and had overheard them. "Let me sit by you a little longer, and talk about this tiresome *mind*ing. Do you suppose, dear, that you children are the only ones that have to mind? Why, we must all mind some one."

"Now, mamma!" began Annie; "why, mamma, you know you can do just any thing you want to. You could buy all the candy in Mr. Brown's store, and you could go to ride all the time. I wish *I* was grown up."

"But if you were grown up," said Mrs. Gray, "you would have to obey your conscience, and that is harder than obeying me. You would have to think and think. You would have to say, 'Is this right? Is it best? Will it wrong others?' You could easily decide then about buying candy; but there would be much harder questions to settle. You would have more difficult 'mind'ing' to do; and I want you to get in the habit of it now, so as to make it easier then."

"But whom shall I have to mind, mamma? Whom do you mind?"

"It is our heavenly Father, Annie. He speaks to me in the Bible, and in my conscience; and when I obey him I am happy. But if I don't mind directly, every thing goes wrong, and I am miserable. We are all God's children, and he is training us here to live with him in heaven. And as we are ignorant, and do not know what is best for us, he wants us to obey what he tells us.

"You are too young yet to understand all his commands: so he has kindly given you parents to



teach you. It is love that makes us ask you to obey; and you must believe that, my darling. If you trust and mind us, you will be a happy child, and a good and happy woman. Tell me, Annie, are you not happier now when you are obedient?"

"Yes, ma'am; it's true I am. When I am naughty, I feel bad enough to cry; only I am too cross. Oh, mamma, how shall I get rid of my naughty ways?"

"Pray to Jesus, dear child. Jesus is called a Saviour, because he saves us from our sins." And Mrs. Gray knelt down beside her children, and prayed with many tears that they might become obedient and happy followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who is able to help and bless the youngest child.

XLIII.

MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly, while thou, dread mountain form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the sky and black; transpicuous deep,
An ebon mass! methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It seems thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.



O dread and silent form ! I gazed on thee
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone ;
Yet thou, methinks, wast working on my soul,
E'en like some deep enchanting melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it.
But I awake, and with a busier mind,
And active will, self-conscious, offer now,
Not as before, involuntary prayer
And passive adoration.

Hand and voice
Awake, awake ! and thou, my heart, awake !
Green fields, and icy cliffs, all join my hymn !
And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare

O, blacker than the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald; wake, O wake, and utter praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars in the earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad,
Who called you forth from night and utter death?
From darkness let you loose, and icy dens,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?

And who commanded, and the silence came,
"Here shall the billows stiffen and have rest?"
Ye ice-falls! ye that, from yon dizzy heights,
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty noise,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge,
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with lovely flowers
Of living blue, spread garlands at your feet?

"God! God!" the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter; the ice-plain bursts, and answers, "God!"
"God!" sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,
And pine-groves with their soft and soul-like sound.

The silent snow-mass, loosening, thunders, "God!"
Ye dreadless flowers, that fringe the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain blast!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds,
Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth, "God!" and fill the hills with praise.

And thou, O silent form, alone and bare—
Whom, as I lift again my head, bowed low
In adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Sweep slowly, with dim eyes suffused with tears—
Awake, thou mountain form! Rise like a cloud,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, calls on God.

COLERIDGE.

XLIV.

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

IN the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady, closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features which

the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness.

Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude; and several times, when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat. Outside the cars all was confusion: passengers looking to their baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven. What agony was in that look! what beauty too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it! Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale!

“————— She was changed,
As by the sickness of her soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she had become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.”

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led

her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose: it was the beautiful maniac's voice; rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she waved her body as she sung with touching pathos,

“She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

“She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains;
Every note which he loved awaking:
Ah, little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.”

Her brother was unmanned; and he wept as only man can weep. The air changed, and she continued:

“Has sorrow thy young days shaded
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear,
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.”

She then sung a fragment of the beautiful hymn,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

Another attempt to rise up was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look,

with a plaintive "Save me, my brother! save your sister!" that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely, for there was one man, was he a man? who called on the conductor to "put her out of the car." He received the open scorn of the company. His insensibility to such a scene of distress almost defies belief; and yet this is, in every particular, an "ow'er true tale." Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality.

Again the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs;

"Oh, where shall rest be found:

Rest for the weary soul?"

and continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James river: the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies' cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation; and no one dared intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away for the shore with the unhappy pair, on their way to the asylum at ———. She was standing erect in the stern of the boat: her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone! that brother with his broken heart; that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness.



XLV.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

MRS. HEMANS.

XLVI.

TRIALS OF THE PILGRIMS.

FROM the dark portals of the Star Chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in a strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven, had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it, to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause; and if this sometimes deep-

ened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

It is sad indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of pilgrims encountered; sad to see a portion of them the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons! One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men; a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success.

It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preëminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims; no Carr or Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans; no well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness; no craving governors were anxious to be sent over to

our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No. They could not say that they encouraged, patronized, or helped the pilgrims. Their own cares, their own labors, their own counsels, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. No others could afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not sown; and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not in sight of the wished-for shore.

I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth; weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master, for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that none of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is

it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT.

XLVII.

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

I MAY be permitted to recall to your recollection the opening of the twenty-sixth Congress, in December, 1839, when, in consequence of a two-fold delegation from New Jersey, the House was unable, for some time, to complete its organization, and presented to the country and the world the perilous and discreditable aspect of the assembled representatives of the people unable to form themselves into a constitutional body.

Fully to enter into the scene, it must be remembered that there are no two ideas more deeply embedded in the Anglo-Saxon mind than these: one, the omnipotence of every sovereign parliamentary and congressional body, I mean of course, within the limits of its constitutional competence, and the other, the absolute inability of one of these omnipotent bodies to make the slightest movement, or perform the most indifferent act, except through a formal expression of its will by its duly appointed organs.

Now, on first assembling, the House has no officers, and the clerk of the preceding Congress acts, by usage, as chairman of the body till a speaker is chosen. On this occasion, after reaching the state of New Jersey, the acting clerk declined to proceed in calling the roll, and refused to entertain any of the motions which were made for the purpose of extricating the House from its embarrassment.

Many of the ablest and most judicious members had addressed the House in vain, and there was nothing but confusion and disorder in prospect. Towards the close of the fourth day, Mr. Adams rose, and expectation waited on his words. Having, by a powerful appeal, brought the yet unorganized assembly to a perception of its hazardous position, he submitted a motion requiring the acting clerk to proceed in calling the roll.

This and similar motions had already been made by other members. The difficulty was, that the acting clerk declined to entertain them. Accordingly, Mr. Adams was immediately interrupted by a burst of voices demanding, "How shall the question be put?" "Who will put the question?" The voice of Mr Adams was heard above the tumult, "I intend to put the question myself!" That word brought order out of chaos. There was the master mind.

A distinguished member from South Carolina, Mr. Rhett, moved that Mr. Adams himself should act as Chairman of the body till the House was organized; and, suiting the action to the word, himself put the motion to the House. It prevailed unanimously; and Mr. Adams was conducted to the

chair, amidst the irrepressible acclamations of the spectators.

Well did Mr. Wise of Virginia say, "Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life; and if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers, I were asked to select the words which, in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence: 'I will put the question myself.'"



XLVIII.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O time, in your flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the far-distant shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silvery threads from my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep:
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap:
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep:
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other fondness abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the suffering soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft dews o'er my heavy lids creep:
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my eyes from the moon's pallid light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Happily throng the sweet visions of yore;

Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep:
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song;
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
The years since my boyhood have been but a dream.
Clasp your lost son in a loving embrace,
Your love-lighted lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to part or to weep:
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

XLIX.

HOW HE GOT IN.

ABOUT dusk one afternoon, a man knocked at the side door of Judge R——'s house. A servant came. He asked to see the judge. "Not at home," answered the servant. "If he is expected soon, shall I step in and wait?" asked the man quietly. "Yes," answered the servant gruffly, eying him from head to foot. The stranger looked poor; it seemed as if the world had gone hard with him. While sitting in the hall alone, one and another passed along without noticing him.

At last the servant came and said, "The judge has come." "Will you please hand him this letter?" asked the man, taking one from an old pocket-book. The servant took it to the parlor and put it into the judge's hand, saying the man was in waiting. He opened the letter, and scarcely had

he glanced over the page before he jumped up and cried, "Where is the bearer of this? show him in directly." Soon the stranger was introduced.

"In the *name of my son* I welcome you, sir," exclaimed the judge, grasping his hand feelingly. "You are welcome to the best my house affords. Wife," he said to the lady at his side, "this is the young man who nursed our son James at the mines. James writes, 'Father, receive him and welcome him for my sake.' Yes, sir, I am glad to welcome you; make yourself at home in my house. Call the children, and tell them this is the young man who nursed their brother James when he was likely to die at the mines."

He was no longer a poor friendless stranger; no longer left cold and alone in the hall; no longer eyed suspiciously by servants and children. He was now the judge's honored guest, and the family vied with each other to make him happy.

The young man himself had left a good home on a farm in Vermont, "to do better," as he thought, in California. He went to the mines, and while there tended a brother miner with a brother's care through a dangerous sickness.

Sick himself now and unfortunate, his grateful friend begged him on his return to the States to visit his father's house, where for his sake he well knew he would find a generous welcome. And was it not so? It was indeed a reception which filled him with a glad and grateful surprise. Not only did he suddenly find himself in the midst of comforts, but surrounded by all the elegancies of a

rich and beautiful home. The poor fellow, so long away even from the comforts of life, could scarcely sleep that night in thinking of it. He had no idea the sick man he cared for had such a father's house to go to.

I could not help thinking, when I heard of this incident, that there is another name that will open the doors of a far more glorious mansion, and let the poor wayfarer in. What name? The name of Jesus, the well-beloved Son of God, with whom the Father is "well pleased." He says to his friends, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name," it shall be done for you—in Christ's name, on his account, for his sake.

We can apply to God in the name of his Son Jesus Christ; in his name ask to have our sins forgiven; in his name ask for peace and comfort to our souls; in his name ask for the bread of life and the water of salvation; in his name ask for the white robes of purity; in his name knock at the door of our heavenly home, and Christ says it shall be opened to us.

L.

PROPHETIC DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

BEHOLD, my servant shall deal prudently,
He shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.
As many were astonished at thee,
His visage was so marred more than any man,
And his form more than the sons of men.

So shall he sprinkle many nations;
The kings shall shut their mouths at him:
For that which hath not been told them shall they
see
And that which they had not heard shall they con-
sider.

Who hath believed our report?
And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?
For He shall grow up before him as a tender plant,
And as a root out of dry ground:
He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we
shall see him,
There is no beauty that we should desire him.
He is despised and rejected of men;
A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;
And we hid, as it were, our faces from him;
He was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely, he hath borne our griefs,
And carried our sorrows:
Yet we did esteem him stricken,
Smitten of God, and afflicted.
But he was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for our iniquities;
The chastisement of our peace was upon him,
And with his stripes we are healed.
All we, like sheep, have gone astray;
We have turned, every one to his own way;
And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
Yet he opened not his mouth;



He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter,
And as a sheep before her shearers is dumb,
So he openeth not his mouth.
He was taken from prison and from judgment,
And who shall declare his generation?
For he was cut off out of the land of the living:

For the transgression of my people was he stricken.
And he made his grave with the wicked,
And with the rich in his death;
Because he had done no violence,
Neither was any deceit in his mouth.
Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him,
He hath put him to grief.

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin,
He shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days,
And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his
hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be
satisfied;

By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify
many;

For he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great,
And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he hath poured out his soul unto death:

And he was numbered with the transgressors;

And he bare the sin of many,

And made intercession for the transgressors.

ISAIAH, CHAPTERS LII., LIII.

LI.

TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;
Oh, then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!

What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye?
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day:
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix-spirit burns within.

Oh, deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes.

Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die.
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud;
While nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb:
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul.
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day.

The strife is o'er; the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion's hill.

CAMPBELL.

LII

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

SUDDENLY, about ten o'clock, Columbus thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to a gentleman, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called another and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared.

They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and moreover that the land was inhabited.



They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triano; but the reward

was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object; the great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful was evident, from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was the residence of man; but what were its inhabitants?

Were they like those of the other parts of the globe, or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea? or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies?

A thousand speculations of the kind must have

swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away: wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

IRVING.

LIII.

WASHINGTON.

HIS mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.

It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war; where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously.

But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the utmost unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence: never acting until every circum-



stance, every consideration was maturely weighed: refraining, if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known: no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision.

He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a

wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it: if ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact: liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble: the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity—possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words.

In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, arithmetic, and surveying. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance; for his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military; of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

JEFFERSON.

LIV.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN NEW ENGLAND.

LET us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed in its light, and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political, and literary. Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend their influence still more widely; in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which

partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote every thing which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which,

running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration.

We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

WEBSTER.

LV.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock,
Hands of iron, heart of oak,
Follow with unflinching tread,
Where the noble fathers led.

Honesty with steady eye,
 Truth and pure simplicity,
 Love that gently winneth hearts --
 These shall be thy only arts :

Prudent in the council train ;
 Dauntless on the battle plain ;
 Ready, at the country's need,
 For her glorious cause to bleed.

Let thy noble motto be
 GOD, the COUNTRY, LIBERTY !
 Planted on religion's rock,
 Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger, far or near ;
 Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear ;
 Still with persevering might
 Speak the truth and do the right.

So shall peace, a charming guest,
 Dove-like in thy bosom rest ;
 So shall honor's steady blaze
 Beam upon thy closing days.

ALEXANDER EVERETT.

LVI.

ASTRONOMY DISPLAYS THE GLORY OF GOD.

IN our admiration for that genius which has been able to reveal the mysteries of the universe, let us not forget the homage due to Him who created, and by the might of his power sustains all things. If there be any thing which can lead the

mind upward to the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe, and give to it an approximate knowledge of His incomprehensible attributes, it is to be found in the grandeur and beauty of His works.

If you would know his *glory*, examine the interminable range of suns and systems which crowd the Milky Way: multiply the hundred millions of stars which belong to our own "island universe" by the thousands of those astral systems that exist in space, within the range of human vision, and then you may form some idea of the infinitude of his kingdom; for lo! these are but a part of his ways: examine the scale on which the universe is built: comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun: stretch outward through his system, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit.

This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month, and year, till youth shall wear away, and middle age is gone, and the extremest limit of human life has been attained; count every pulse, and at each speed on your way a hundred thousand miles: and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out and behold! The thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance that in this journey of a century you have only left a score behind you.

Would you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God's existence? Go to the astronomer and bid

him lead you with him in one of his walks through space; and as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep pure blue of heaven now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years.

Would you gather some knowledge of the *omnipotence* of God? Weigh the earth on which we dwell: then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years: unite their strength into one arm, and test its power in an effort to move this earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years; and yet under the omnipotent hand of God, not a moment passes that it does not fly more than a thousand miles.

But this is a mere atom: a most insignificant point among his innumerable worlds. At his bidding, every planet, and satellite, and comet, and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed courses: his single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around His throne circle the great constellations of unnumbered universes.

Would you comprehend the *omniscience* of God? Remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted roughly the return of half a score of comets; but God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns and planets and comets and worlds without number, through the ages which are yet

to come, not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision.

The universe is in motion: system rising above system, cluster above cluster, nebula above nebula; all majestically sweeping around under the providence of God, who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, should bow with humility and awe.

Would you gain some idea of the *wisdom* of God? Look to the admirable adjustment of the magnificent retinue of planets and satellites which sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form: all is changing, but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder or lead to destruction: all is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres that burn and roll around our sun, is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above.

If overwhelmed with the grandeur and majesty of the universe of God, we are led to exclaim with the Hebrew poet-king, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him!" If fearful that the eye of God may overlook us in the immensity of his kingdom, we have only to call in mind that other passage, "Yet thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and hon-

or: thou madest him to have dominion over all the works of thy hand; thou hast put all things under his feet." Such are the teachings of the word, and such are the lessons of the works of God.

MITCHELL,

LVII.

THE COUNTRY VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please:
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd, that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copse, where once a garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.



And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. GOLDSMITH.

LVIII.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

SIR, it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence crea-

tion. Though it was the defeat of our arms and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification; Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely master-piece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.

Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained,

victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him: whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created!

PHILLIPS.



LIX.

LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me;
Two rosy-red cheeks dented with a dimple;
Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder knots of ribbon
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself as mothers will,
Spake I softly, "God in heaven
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gain and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from Thee;
But from want and sin and sorrow
Keep her ever pure and free.

* * * * *

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented never more;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white:
These are left me, and these only,
Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying,
Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain,
Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly stray-
ing;
But I miss her sadly by the window pane—

Till I look above it: then with purer vision,

Sad, I weep no more the lilac-bush to pass,
For I see her, angel-like, and pure and white and
sinless,

Walking with the harpers, by the sea of glass.

Two little snowy wings

Softly flutter to and fro,

Two tiny childish hands

Beckon still to me below;

Two tender angel eyes

Watch me ever earnestly;

Through the loop-holes of the stars

Baby's looking out for me.

LX.

IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION.

MR. PRESIDENT—I am conscious of having detained you and the senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that since it respects nothing less than the union of the states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have

kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proof of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of the government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union might best be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition

of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day at least that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union, on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and union afterwards*; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and on every wind, and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty AND Union, now and for ever; one and inseparable!*

WEBSTER.

“UNITED, we stand; divided, we fall.”

LXI.

OUR FLAG.

WHY do we love and honor it? Because it represents the government and institutions of our country. The flag of a country proclaims the authority of that country. It promises to protect its citizens and property in their lawful rights and uses.

"When did it begin?" asked a boy. In other words, when was our flag adopted? While we were colonies of England, the English flag was our flag. What is the English flag? Let us go back a little. The old Scotch flag was a cross, called the cross of St. Andrews. The old English flag was a cross, called the cross of St. George. When England and Scotland were united, their flags were united also. The two crosses were laid together, St. George over St. Andrews, forming the figure called the "Union Jack," emblazoned on a red ground.

While Washington was encamped at Cambridge, and the British held Boston, in the year 1776, as you will remember, he was very much in need of a flag to



represent the American cause. Every regiment, I suppose, had something fluttering in the breeze; but an *American flag*, representing the new nation of the west, was wanting. What should it be?

"Well," perhaps he said, examining the old English flag, "since the cross is an emblem of Christianity, we will keep that; and since two crosses represent union in England and Scotland, why may they not represent union in the colonies as well? but instead of a plain red ground, we will have a striped ground, red and white."

So the British "Union Jack" on striped ground was agreed upon; and I dare say there was great cheering in the American camp as the new American flag was unfurled to the breeze.

When the British in Boston caught sight of it, "What is this?" they asked, raising their glasses to examine it. "Ah, ah, it is a signal for surrender," they said. "Washington is ready to lay down his arms. The stripes under the British Jack mean submission, and nothing else;" and they hastened to let Washington know that his signal was seen and understood. But they soon found out their mistake.

"That won't do," said the American generals; so they pulled down the crosses and put up the stars—a *circle* of stars, thus denoting union. The next flag therefore was the "Stars and Stripes."

Congress approved and adopted it as our national flag. The *thirteen stripes* are perpetuated, representing the original thirteen states. Every new state adds a *new star* to the cluster, not arranged

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in a circle, as at first, but marshalled into a constellation shaped like a star; the idea of union being still preserved in their harmonious combination into one great star, a "social star," which is said to be the proper way of arranging them. In 1866 our flag had *thirteen stripes and thirty-six stars*.

Under this beautiful and significant banner our fathers fought and conquered. Under it God has enlarged and prospered our nation beyond their highest hopes. He has blessed us in our basket and our store, in our schools and our colleges, in our ministers and churches, in our workshops and farms, in all our means of doing and of getting good; and we pray that not a star in our cluster may ever set in blood or become blotted from our sky; but that the "stars and stripes" may wave from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the representative of a great, free, unbroken, liberty-loving, God-fearing people.

LXII.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

THEN drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

And he spake this parable unto them, saying: What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is



lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them: Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.

Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice

with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

And he said, A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he fain would have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth

the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

LUKE XV.

LXIII.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their sunny robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own hue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls moved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie, I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver strands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;

We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale.
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the sunny sail,
And lo, they have passed from the yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

MISS PRIEST.

LXIV.

THE SAILOR'S GUIDE.

THE common method of determining the longitude at sea is by observation of the moon. The apparent distance of the moon from the sun, the planets, and certain conspicuous stars lying in or near her path, is computed for every three hours, and for two or three years in advance; and these distances, with the corresponding time at Greenwich, are printed in the Nautical Observatory Almanac.

An observer at sea, wishing to know his longitude, measures with the sextant the distance of the moon from some of these stars, a planet, or the sun; he learns from the Nautical Almanac the hour answering to the same distance at Greenwich; and knowing the hour where he is, the difference of time gives him his longitude, fifteen degrees of longitude being equal to one hour in time. Simple as the process appears, it has exercised the ingenuity and taxed the exertions of the greatest minds, for obviously it could never have been practicable unless the whole theory of the moon's motions had been completely mastered.

Thus, to borrow from the fine illustration of Sir John Herschel, the visible surface of the celestial vault may be compared to a vast dial-plate; the stars are as fixed marks distributed upon it; the moon is a hand in motion among them, leaving one and approaching another, with the most exact reg-

ularity, on her monthly circuit; the whole, with the almanac, answering the purpose of a clock in the heavens, marking Greenwich time to our sailors in every part of the globe, and enabling the skilful seaman to estimate the position of his vessel, though no object may have been seen for weeks, but the trackless deep, the stormy petrel, and the changeful sky.

Captain Basil Hall relates the following interesting incident, illustrating the dependence which may be placed on this method of determining a ship's course, when the distances are taken with accuracy, and the computations are made with care. He once sailed from San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico; and after a voyage of eight thousand miles, occupying eighty-nine days, he arrived off Rio de Janeiro, having in this interval passed through the Pacific ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making land or seeing a single sail except an American whaler.

When within a week's sail of Rio, he set seriously about determining by lunar observations the position of his ship, and then steered his course accordingly. Having arrived within what he considered from his computations fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, he hove to at four o'clock in the morning, to await the break of day, and then bore up, proceeding cautiously, on account of a thick fog.

When the fog cleared away, the crew had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar-Loaf Rock which stands on one side of the harbor's mouth, so

nearly right ahead, that they had not to alter their course above a point, in order to hit the entrance of the port. This was the first land they had seen for nearly three months, after crossing so many seas, and being set backward and forward by innumerable currents and foul winds. The effect upon all on board was electric, and giving way to their admiration, the sailors greeted their commander with a hearty cheer.



LXV.

SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty
breath,

And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening waste of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung;
And this was the song the bright ones sung :

“ Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie,
Each sun with the worlds that around us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space,
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.
Lo! yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

“Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass;
How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass;
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the wavelets dance and the young woods lean.

“And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve with their pomp of hues
Shift o’er the bright planets and shed their dews;
And ’twixt them both on the teeming ground,
With her shadowy course, the night goes round.

“Away, away! In our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born;
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

“Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on, in glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

BRYANT.

LXVI.

SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

TREMBLING, before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own :
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend—O smile, and heal the strife.

The Saviour smiles ; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll ;
His voice proclaims my pardon found ;
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven.
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies ;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfil ;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in his presence play.

Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken by the choral strain,
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each shining star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that *mine* will bear.

HILLHOUSE.

LXVII.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A TRAVELLER who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment, he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself, for he too could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller who was just going to lie down to sleep made a great effort. He roused himself up, and crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer.



He took his hands into his own and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor too was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other.

His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape. Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

So, should you feel your heart cold towards God, and your faith almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life and make another heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm and restore and gladden your own.

LXVIII.

PROMISES OF RELIGION TO THE YOUNG.

IN every part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are afforded to the devotion of the young. It is to that age that some of the most direct promises are addressed, and of individuals of that age much interesting incident is recorded. It was at that age that God visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, in days when "the word of the Lord was precious, and when there was no open vision." It was at that age that his Spirit fell upon David, while he was yet the youngest of his father's sons, and when among the mountains of Bethlehem he fed his father's sheep.

It was at that age, also, that "they brought young children unto Christ, that he should touch

them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said to them, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." If these, then, are the effects and promises of youthful piety, rejoice, O young man in thy youth. Rejoice in those days which are never to return, when religion comes to thee in all its charms, and when the God of nature reveals himself to thy soul, like the mild radiance of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world.

If already devotion hath taught thee her secret pleasures; if when nature meets thee in all its magnificence or beauty, thy heart humbleth itself in adoration before the hand which made it, and rejoiceth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained; if, when revelation unveils her mercies, and the Son of God comes forth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows with astonishment the glories of his path, and pours at last over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed; if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth on the wings of faith into that heaven where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, and seeth the society of angels and of the spirits of just men made perfect, and listeneth to the everlasting song which is sung before the throne; if such are the meditations in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these satisfying joys.

The world which is before thee, the world which thine imagination paints in such brightness, has no pleasures to bestow that can compare with these. And all that its boasted wisdom can produce, has nothing so acceptable in the sight of heaven, as this pure offering of thy soul. In these days, the Lord himself is thy shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures and by the still waters he now makes thy soul to repose.

But the years draw nigh when life shall call thee to its trials; the evil days are on the wing when "thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;" and as thy steps advance, "the valley of the shadow of death" opens, through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In these days of trial and of awe, his Spirit shall be with thee, and thou shalt fear no ill; and amid every evil which surrounds thee, he shall restore thy soul. His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life; and when at last the silver cord is loosed, thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

ALISON.

LXIX.

THE VAUDOIS COLPORTEUR.

"OH lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's queen might wear;

And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck,
With whose radiant light they vie:
I've brought them with me a weary way,
Will my gentle lady buy?"

The lady smiled on the worn old man
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view
His silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turned away;
But paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem,
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty brow of kings:
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay;
Whose light shall be as a guide to thee,
And a blessing on thy way."

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks
waved
Their clasping pearls between:
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old;
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took :
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price,
May it prove as such to thee;
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not,
-For the word of God is free."

The hoary traveller went his way;
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her trustful heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the gray old halls
Where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God.

WHITTIER.

LXX.

THE YOUNG INFIDEL.

A YOUNG gentleman of fine talents was once a chief clerk in a bank in Virginia. He was a good scholar, and a courageous and honest young man,

but was the leader of an infidel club, and had nearly succeeded in throwing from his mind the last shackles of what he used to call the "nursery superstition," which was the religion his pious mother had taught him.

On one occasion more than a hundred thousand dollars in bank-bills had to be carried to Kentucky, and he was selected to carry it. As he was obliged to pass through a part of the country where highway robberies and even murders were said to be frequent, he arranged to traverse it in the day-time. But he took the wrong road, and having lost himself in the forest was glad to find a shelter anywhere from the darkness and chilliness of a starless October night.

At length he saw a dim light, and urged his horse forward until he came to a poor, wretched-looking log-cabin in the forest. It was now near ten o'clock. He knocked and was admitted by a woman, who told him that she and her children were alone; her husband had gone out hunting, but she was certain he would return, as he always came according to promise.

The young man's feelings may be imagined. Here he was with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was the terror of the country. He could go no farther; what was to be done? The woman gave him supper, and proposed his retiring to rest. But no, he could not think of permitting himself thus easily to fall into the hands of robbers. He took out his pistols, examined the priming, and



determined to sell his life as dear as he could if he should be attacked.

In the meantime the man of the house returned: he was a rough, uncouth-looking hunter; he had on a deer-skin hunting-shirt and a bear-skin cap,

and seemed to be much fatigued, and in no very talkative mood, all of which boded our young infidel no good. He asked the stranger if he did not wish to retire to rest; but the latter told him he preferred to sit by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him. But no, he could not think of such a thing. He was terribly alarmed, fearing that this would be his last night on earth; and his infidel principles gave him little comfort.

At length the rough backwoodsman rose up, and reaching to a little shelf over the traveller's head, took down a much-worn book, and said, "Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter out of God's word before I go to bed, and with your leave I will do so now."

A load was at once removed from the traveller's mind. Though avowing himself an infidel, he found that in reality he had full confidence in the Bible; for he felt that the man who kept one in his house, and read it, and bent his knees before his Maker, would do him no harm. He listened to the prayers of the good man, and at once dismissed his fears, and lying down in that rude cabin, slept as calmly as under his father's roof.

From that day he ceased to revile the Bible; he could not forget his frank confession of its divine origin. In after years he became a Christian, and often related these facts to show that men's unbelief in the Bible and in Christ is only the utterance of a wicked heart; and that conscience will sometimes confess the truth, however it may be silenced.

LXXI.

GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the golden clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes,
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.

LXXII.

MOSS-SIDE.

IN the humble cottage at Moss-side, Gilbert Ainslie's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live, or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between her and heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor.

The younger members of the family were noiselessly busy in and around the house. One after the other, they continued at intervals going up to the bed-side, and then coming away, sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow-field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible of the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropped with tears in spite of themselves on her burning forehead.

“Do you think the child is dying?” said Gilbert, with a calm voice, to the surgeon, who on his wearied horse had just arrived from another sick-bed over the misty range of hills, and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, “While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity.”

There was no loud lamentation at these words; all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told; and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and he came as he always does, in awe, but not in this case in terror.

There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart; for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the lawn and sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted to sing, but some of her words seemed to be from favorite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third Psalm:

“The Lord’s my Shepherd, I’ll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.”

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire for a while in silence. In about a quarter of an hour they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor, for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, “You will partake of our fare after your day’s travel and toil of humanity.”

In a short, silent half hour the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk were on the board, and Gilbert lifted up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool on which no one sat, by the old man’s side. It had been put there unwittingly when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence; not a word was said; their meal was before them; God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

LXXIII.

MOSS-SIDE—CONTINUED.

ANOTHER hour of trial passed, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why, and often, often putting up her hand to wipe away a tear.

“What is that?” said the old man to his eldest daughter; “what is that you are laying on the shelf?” She could scarcely reply that it was a ribbon and an ivory comb she had bought for little Margaret. And at these words the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy nearest in age to his dying sister looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and going into his father’s bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the tender heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that in his affection and simplicity he was indeed a comforter. “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,” said the old man; “blessed be the name of the Lord.”

The outer door gently opened, and he whose presence had in former years brought peace and

resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his manse, except as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave; I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept, that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb, irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy.

The clock for some days had been prevented from striking the hours, but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honored minister took the book.

"He waled a portion with judicious care;
And, let us worship God, he said, with solemn air."

A chapter was read, a prayer raised, and so too was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with

suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and her sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious indeed has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply, but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

LXXIV.

MY WIFE'S GOLD RING.

It was a practice with John Gaspar Lavater, an eminent clergyman, born in Zurich, 1741, to read, every morning, one or more chapters in the Bible, and to select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One day, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters



of the gospel of Matthew, his wife asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day. "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away," was the reply.

"And how is this to be understood?" said his wife. "These," rejoined Lavater, "are the words of Him to whom every thing belongs that I possess. I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me, and not to refuse him who would borrow of me; or, in

other words, if I have two coats, I must give one to him who has none, and if I have food, I must share with him who is suffering with want."

This, continues Lavater in his diary, appeared to me so evidently and incontrovertibly to be the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth; my wife made no farther reply than that she would well consider these things.

I had scarcely left the room when an aged widow desired to speak to me, and she was shown into my study. "Forgive me, dear sir," she said; "excuse the liberty I am about to take; but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short six dollars; I have been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving; every penny that I could save I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars yet are wanting, and to-morrow is term-day."

"I am very sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you," I said; and putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars: these, I said to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty, she requires six; besides, even if they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the widow, I said, "Have you no friend, no relation, who could give you this trifle?"

"No, there is no one. I am ashamed to go from house to house, I would rather work day and night; my excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness: if however, you cannot assist me, you will at least forgive my intru-

sion; and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixtieth year."

At this moment the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed: gladly would I have sent her away; for conscience whispered, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." She came up to me, and said, with much sweetness, "This is a good old woman; she has certainly been ill of late; do assist her if you can."

Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. "I have but two dollars," I said in a whisper, "and she requires six; I'll give her a trifle in the hand, and let her go."

Laying her hand on my arm and smiling, my wife said, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

I blushed, and replied, with some little vexation, "Would you give your ring for the purpose?"

"Certainly, how can you doubt it?" she said; "do you think that I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said to me but half an hour ago. Oh, my dear friend, let us not make a show of the gospel; you are in general so kind, so sympathizing, how is it that you find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? Why did you not without hesitation give her what you had in your pocket? And did you not know that there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days?"

I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheek: "Thanks, a thousand thanks for this expos-

tulation." I turned to the desk, took from it the six dollars, called the poor widow, and gave them to her. At first she seemed not to understand what I meant; but when she perceived that I had given her the whole sum, she could scarcely find words to express her feelings.

I turned to my wife with downcast looks, but she smiled and said, "Do not take it so much to heart, my friend; you yielded at my first suggestion; but promise me that so long as I wear a gold ring on my finger, and you know that I possess several besides, you will never allow yourself to say to any person, 'I cannot help you.'" She kissed me, and left the apartment.

When I found myself alone, I sat down and wrote this account in my diary, in order to humble my deceitful heart. To preach the whole moral law, and to fulfil only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father, how long must I wait and reflect and struggle, ere I shall be able to rely on the perfect sincerity of my profession?

I read over once more the chapters which I had read in the morning with so little benefit, and felt more and more ashamed and convinced that there is no peace except where principle and practice are in perfect accord. How peacefully and happily I might have ended this day, had I acted up conscientiously to the blessed doctrines I profess. Dear Saviour, send thy Holy Spirit into this benighted heart; cleanse it from secret sin; and teach me to employ that which thou hast committed to my charge to thy glory, and a brother's welfare.

LXXV.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear:
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time
Of all the blithe New-year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother,
The gladdest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me
To-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother,
To see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side
Will come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be
Fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot
Are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale
Will merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time
Of all the blithe New Year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year
The gladdest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

LXXVI.

THE MAY QUEEN—CONTINUED.

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise
Upon the glad New Year;
It is the last New Year,
That I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low in the mould,
And think no more o' me.

To-night I saw the sun set;
He set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time,
And all my peace of mind;
And the New Year's coming up, mother,
But I shall never see
The May upon the blackthorn,
The leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers;
We had a merry day!
Beneath the hawthorn on the green,
They made me Queen o' the May;
And we danced about the May-pole,
And in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's-wain came out above
The tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills;
The frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live until
The snow-drops come again;
I wish the snow would melt away,
And the sun come out on high;
I long to see a flower so,
Before the day I die.

You'll bury me, my mother,
Just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see
Where I am lowly laid;
I shall not forget you, mother,
I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head,
In the long and pleasant grass.

If I can I'll come again, mother,
From out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother,
I shall look upon your face;

Though I cannot speak a word,
I shall hearken what you say,
And be often and often with you,
When you think I'm far away.

Good-night, sweet mother! call me
When it begins to dawn;
All night I lie awake,
But I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise
Upon the glad New Year,
So, if you're waking, call me,
Call me early, mother dear.

LXXVII.

THE MAY QUEEN—CONTINUED.

I THOUGHT to pass away before:
And yet alive I am,
And in the fields all round I hear
The bleating of the lamb;
How sadly, I remember, rose
The morning of the year!
To die before the snow-drop came!
And now the violet's here!

Oh sweet is the new violet,
That comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice
To me that cannot rise;

And sweet is all the land about,
And all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life
To me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother,
To leave the blessed sun;
And now it seems as hard to stay;
And yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long
Before I find release;
And that good man the clergyman
Has told me words of peace.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice,
And on his silver hair,
And blessings on his whole life long,
Until he meet me there!
Oh, blessings on his kindly heart,
And on his silver head!
A thousand times I blessed him
As he knelt beside my bed.

He showed me all the mercy,
For he taught me all my sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late,
There's One will let me in;
Nor would I now be well, mother,
Again, if that could be;
For my desire is but to pass
To Him that died for me.



Oh, look ! the sun begins to rise,
The heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred hills,
And all of them I know.

And there I move no longer now,
And now his light will shine
On wild flowers in the valley
For other hands than mine.

Oh, strange and sweet it seems to me,
That ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking
May be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever

With those just souls and true:
Then what is life that we should moan?
Why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever,
All in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while
Till you and Effie come;
To lie within the light of God,
As I lie upon your breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.

TENNYSON.

LXXVIII.

MOUNT SINAI.

OUR road now lay between wild and rugged mountains, and the valley itself was stony, broken, and gullied by the washing of the winter torrents; and a few straggling thorn-bushes were all that grew in that region of desolation. I had remarked for some time, and every moment impressed it more and more forcibly upon my mind, that every thing

around me seemed old and in decay. The valley was barren, and devastated by torrents; the rocks were rent; the mountains cracked, broken, and crumbling into thousands of pieces; and we encamped at night between rocks which seemed to have been torn asunder by some violent convulsion, where the stones had been washed down into the valley, and the drifted sand almost choked up the passage.

At every step the scene became more solemn and impressive. The mountains became more and more striking, venerable, and interesting. Not a shrub nor blade of grass grew on their naked sides, deformed with gaps and fissures; and they looked as if by a slight jar or shake they would crumble into millions of pieces. It is impossible to describe correctly the singularly interesting appearance of these mountains. Age, hoary and venerable, is the predominant character. They looked as if their Creator had made them higher than they are, and their summits, worn and weakened by the action of the elements for thousands of years, had cracked and fallen.

The last was by far the most interesting day of my journey to Mount Sinai. We were moving along a broad valley, bounded by ranges of lofty and crumbling mountains, forming an immense rocky rampart on each side of us. We were moving, the whole day, between parallel ranges of mountains, receding in some places, and then again contracting, and about mid-day, entered a narrow and rugged defile, bounded on each side with precipitous

granite rocks more than a thousand feet high. We entered at the very bottom of this defile, moving for a time along the dry bed of a torrent, now obstructed with sand and stones, the rocks on every side shivered and torn, and the whole scene wild to sublimity. Our camels stumbled among the rocky fragments to such a degree, that we dismounted and passed through the wild defile on foot. At the other end we came suddenly upon a *plain table of ground*, and before us towered in awful grandeur, so huge and dark that it seemed close to us, and barring all farther progress, the end of my pilgrimage—the holy mountain of Sinai.

I stand, at length, upon the very peak where Moses stood when he talked with the Almighty! Can this be, or is it a mere dream? Can this naked rock have been the witness of that great interview between man and his Maker—where amid thunder and lightning, and a fearful quaking of the mountain, the Almighty gave to his chosen people the precious tables of his law: those rules of infinite wisdom and goodness, which to this day, best teach man his duty to God, his neighbor, and himself?

Among all the stupendous works of nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and over the clouds floating beneath it, have surveyed the bold scenery of Sicily and the distant mountains of Calabria; I have stood upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its feet; but they are noth-

ing, compared with the terrific solitude and bleak majesty of Sinai.

An observing traveller has well called it a perfect sea of desolation. Not a tree, nor shrub, nor blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies; while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive.

The level surface of the very top or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square. There, on the same spot where they were given, I opened the sacred book in which those laws are recorded, and read them with a deeper feeling of devotion, as if I were standing nearer and receiving them more directly from the Deity himself.

STEPHENS.

LXXIX.

SONG OF THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved—
An awful Guide—in smoke and flame:
By day along the astonished land
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.



There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze!
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous ray
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And Oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrants' jest, the gentiles' scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn;
But thou hast said, "The blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice." SCOTT

LXXX

AVALANCHES OF THE JUNGFRAU.

ORDINARILY, in a sunny day at noon, the avalanches are falling about every ten minutes, with the roar of thunder; but they are much more seldom visible, and sometimes the traveller crosses the Wengern Alps without witnessing them at all. But we were so very highly favored as to see two of the grandest avalanches possible in the course of about one hour, between twelve o'clock and two.

One cannot command any language to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence. You are standing far below, gazing up to where the great disc of the glittering Alps cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself mountainous, seems to move: it breaks from the toppling outmost ridge of snow where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet, is broken into millions of fragments.

As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements.

The eye follows it delighted as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then pours the whole cataract over the gulf with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to which nothing but the noise of Niagara in its sublimity is comparable.

Nevertheless you may think of the tramp of an army of elephants, of the roar of multitudinous cavalry marching to battle, of the whirlwind tread of ten thousand bisons sweeping across the prairie, of the tempest surf of ocean beating and shaking the shore, of the sound of torrent floods or of a numerous host, or of the voice of the trumpet on Sinai, exceeding loud, and waxing louder and louder, so that all the people in the camp trembled, or of the rolling orbs of that fierce chariot described by Milton,

“Under whose turning wheels,
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout.”

It is with such a mighty shaking tramp that the avalanche thunders down. Another fall of still

greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments as they drop out of sight with a dead weight, into the bottom of the gulf.

Now figure to yourself a cataract like that of Niagara, for I should judge the volume of one of the avalanches to be probably every way superior in bulk to the whole of the Horseshoe fall, poured in foaming grandeur not merely over one great precipice of two hundred feet, but over successive ridgy precipices of two or three thousand feet on the face of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, and tumbling, crashing, thundering down, with a continuous din of far greater sublimity than the sound of the grandest cataract.

Placed in the slope of the Wengern Alps, right opposite the whole visible side of the Jungfrau, we have enjoyed two of these mighty spectacles, at about half an hour's interval between them. The first was the most sublime, the second the most beautiful.

The roar of the falling mass begins to be heard the moment it is loosened from the mountains: it pours on with the sound of a vast body of rushing water: then comes the first great concussion; a booming crash of thunder, breaking on the still air in mid-heaven: your breath is suspended as you listen and look: the mighty glittering mass shoots

headlong over the main precipice, and the fall is so great that it produces to the eye that impression of dread majestic slowness of which I have spoken, though it is doubtless more rapid than Niagara.

But if you should see the cataract of Niagara itself coming down five thousand feet above you in the air, there would be the same impression. The image remains in the mind, and can never fade from it: it is as if you had seen an alabaster cataract from heaven.

CHEEVER.

LXXXI.

THE HOLY LAND.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed in song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of the sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-side before me is seen,
With mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?



Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear,
Where the Lovely and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead and chains on her
feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker has gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the likeness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and
dim,
It would gaze even now on the presence of HIM.

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness He moved among men;
And the voice that breathed peace to the waves of
the sea

In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me.

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed Him
to bear,

Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden in prayer;

Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

WHITTIER.

LXXXII.

PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS MINISTRY.

AND from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church. And when they were come to him, he said unto them: Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews and also to the

Greeks, REPENTANCE TOWARDS GOD, AND FAITH TOWARDS OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.

Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.

And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they

should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship.

LXXXIII.

IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK.

A HIGHLAND widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach before evening the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long and solitary one. The mountain track passed through forests and rugged glens, and at last entered a narrow gorge hemmed in by giant precipices.

The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day. But before noon a sudden change took place. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle with black squalls the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is yet remembered as “the great May storm.” The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass.

Wearied and wet and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain hut which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the

gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild-cat's or fox's den would be welcome. After wandering for some time, she at last found a more sheltered nook, and crouching beneath a projecting rock, pressed her child to her trembling bosom.

The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child, her only child was all she thought of. She was poor, and her clothing could not defend her from the piercing cold of such a night as this; but whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. As night came on, the wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing, and wrapped it round her child.

And now she resolves, at all hazards, to brave the storm, and return home, in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt! Clasping her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep in a deep crevice of the rock, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain-tops. Dark figures might be seen with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the



pass. A cry is raised by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of tartan among the snow. They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon, they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock!

More than half a century passed away. An aged and faithful pastor was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was on a communion Sabbath, and the subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that love which "seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered shawl, which she had wrapped round him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, in view of these memorials of your Saviour's sacrifice of himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love, and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days after this, the preacher was summoned to the bed-side of a dying man. On entering the room the sick man seized him by the hand, and gazing intently in his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognize me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands, and only came to this town a few weeks ago, in bad health. Last Sabbath I entered your church, where I could once more hear the gospel preached in the language of my youth and of my heart. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son"—here the voice of the old man faltered, his emotion almost checked his utterance;

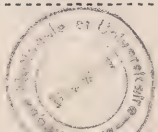
but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "*I am that son!*" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "*I am that son!* Never, never did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart would mine be if she had been forgotten by me! Though I cannot recollect her looks, dear to me is her memory, and my great desire now is to lay my bones beside hers in the old church-yard among the hills.

"But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this: until now I never saw the love of my Saviour in giving himself for me, a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it, I confess it," he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name, that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which, I was told, she used to offer for me, have been at last answered. The love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit in making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it, I believe it; I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood, *in the cleft of the rock*; but now it is the ROCK OF AGES!"

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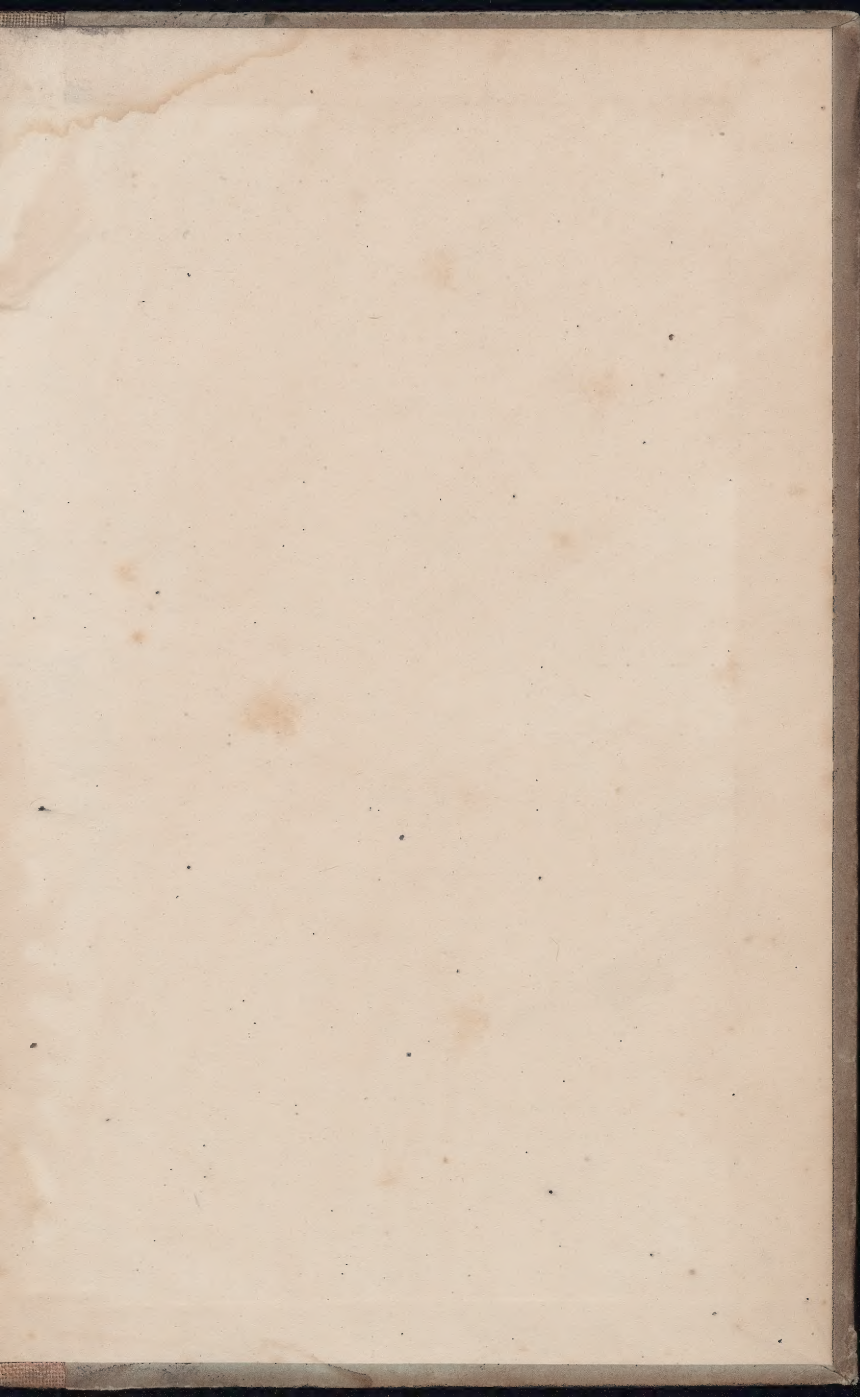
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